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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

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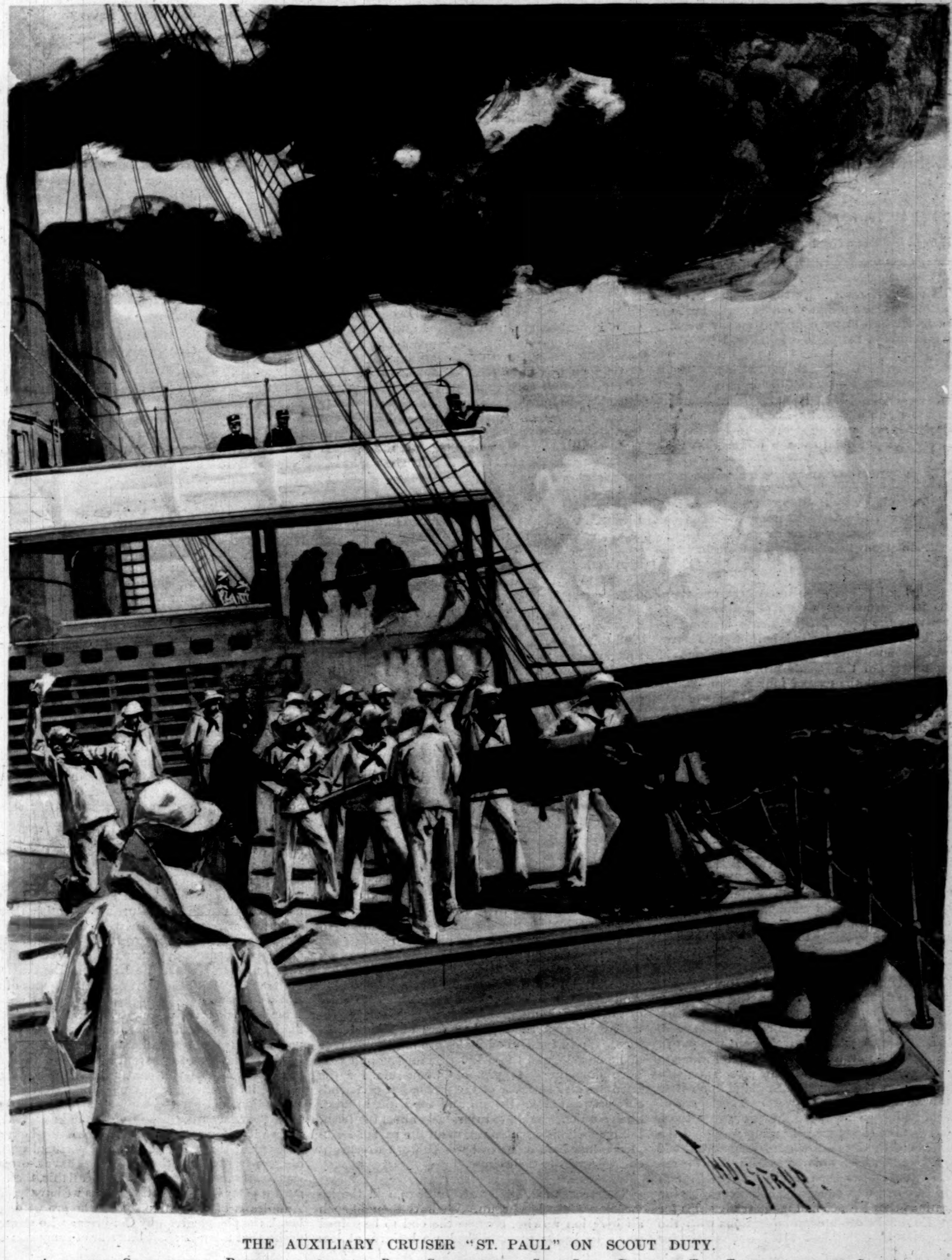


THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "ST. PAUL" ON SCOUT DUTY.

A SUSPICIOUS CRAFT SIGHTED: PREPARING TO FOLLOW A BLANK CARTRIDGE WITH SOLID SHOT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, AFTER A SKETCH BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

New York City, June 25, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	And Others.

Mr. Fox *and* Mr. Remington *are now with* General Shafter's *Army*, Messrs. Millet, Bass, *and* Davis *are on their way to the Philippines*, Mr. Hunt *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. Martin *at St. Thomas.*

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NEW SERIAL,

"THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS,"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST,

Will begin in the next Number of Harper's Weekly.

THE report is eventually that Tampa is to be abandoned as a military rendezvous. Perhaps there could be no better comment on the wisdom of the selection of the place originally.

THE change in the French cabinet is not likely to mean anything, so far as the foreign policy of the French Republic is concerned. Nor, indeed, is it likely to mean any change of domestic policy. The Socialists are growing stronger in France, but they have not yet obtained the power that they seek. They are growing stronger because they are the only party in the country which is not completely under the control of the priests and the army. France has very troublous times before her, but of one thing she may rest assured—when her day of trial comes she will receive more considerate treatment from this country than we have received from her.

THE war tax bill has gone into effect, and there is little in it which is vitally objectionable, except perhaps the provision requiring the coinage of a million and a half of silver bullion per month. This was a compromise compelled by the House of Representatives of the Senate proposition to coin the seigniorage at the rate of four million dollars per month. It is to be regretted, of course, that any concession was forced by the silver men, but they obtained the smallest thing possible, and the coinage of this amount of silver will do little practical harm. The regret, however, that any concession was made is strengthened by the result of the election in Oregon, and the evidence of weakness of the silver movement. It seems likely now that silver will not be an issue in the coming campaign, although fiat money will be made prominent. It is clear, therefore, that the Republicans can carry the next House of Representatives on the money issue if they will insist upon the gold standard as strongly as the Oregon Republicans insisted on it. The country is for sound money, we believe, and will declare against fiat money, if the issue be presented fairly and squarely to it.

THE threatening cloud of war between France and England has disappeared for the present. It will be recollected that in occupying Boussa on the Niger, the French distinctly violated a treaty obligation to Great Britain. British rights were violated, and so the British government was put in a position where it was obliged to force France to retire or to accept war. Very few persons outside of official circles in France and England know how near to war the two nations were. The tactics of the fleets had been arranged, however, and those who were in the secret were keeping watch on the movements of the English Channel squadron. If the squadron had been ordered to Gibraltar, for example, it would have been notice that the French were to be coerced at once. So complete were the preparations that France had made ready ships for cutting England's cable communications with the world, while England had fitted out vessels for relaying them. Finally Monsieur Hanotaux begged for a delay until after the French elections, and they being over, Boussa has been evacuated along with several other less important towns, while France retains Nikki; and all of this was predicted some months ago by Mr. Arnold White in his London letter to the Weekly.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the decision of the authorities that the hospital ships shall invariably run away from the Spaniards, on account of Spain's cruel methods in war, is justified. There is no reason to believe, from anything that Spain has done or refrained from doing, either in our war or in its efforts to put down the Cuban insurrection, that a hospital ship crowded with wounded and dying men would be respected by Spanish naval or military officers. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the Spaniards would delight in making war upon the dying. Their reported mutilation of the marines who fell at Guantanamo is denied, but that denial does not change our estimate of the possibilities of Spanish character, judging entirely from the cruelties that they have practised in Cuba. The Spaniards are the last remnants of white barbarians, and, like their prototypes of the Middle Ages, whom they closely resemble, they have the savage instincts and methods that are found nowhere else in civilized Europe in this nineteenth century except in Turkey, and, with the exception of Spain and Turkey, are found only among the uncivilized red men of the remote regions of our own continent, and the brown and black and yellow men of Africa and Asia.

THE war loan promises to be greatly oversubscribed in this country, and doubtless much of it will be taken in subscriptions of from twenty to five hundred dollars each. In other words, the subscription will be largely a popular one; and as these small bids are to be accepted until the whole $200,000,000 are taken, the bankers and syndicates who are prepared to take millions of dollars of the loan will not have their opportunity. The moral effect of this expression of popular confidence in the government will be very great. It means that we are rich enough to pay for our own war, and that we are determined that the government shall be heartily supported. If the Spanish government were not afraid that to sue for peace would bring on revolution, we have no doubt that this manifestation of public confidence and public support of the war in this country would, with Dewey's victory at Manila, conduce to an immediate termination of the conflict. Another happy meaning of this great popular subscription to the loan is that the people who have savings, and who constitute both the moral and industrial backbone of the country, do not take seriously the fiat-money movement—in other words, the movement to pay the public creditor with less value than he gave. And this is another reason why the political party that is likely to win at the coming Congressional elections should, among other things, settle the money question for good.

WHILE there has been little movement looking to a formal treaty of alliance between England and the United States, there is no doubt that the feeling of friendship between the two countries has been greatly strengthened, and the payment by us of the Bering Sea award removes the last cause of friction. Perhaps the time is now propitious for renewing the attempt to secure the adoption of a general treaty of arbitration. That probably would be a sufficient union, because it would mean to the rest of the world that the two countries consider their interests identical. Whatever comes, however, it is to be hoped that the friendship between the two countries will grow in strength and in grace, for, besides the material interests that will be advanced by such a friendship on both sides of the ocean, and besides the pleasure such a union will afford to all English-speaking peoples, the peace of the world will be promoted thereby. And we think it well that the Irish on both sides of the water should make up their minds not to interfere between the two branches of the English race. We in the United States are mostly in favor of home-rule, and those Liberals in England who have done most to promote home-rule for the Irish are also in favor of the promotion of friendship between Great Britain and the United States. Such a union would not injuriously affect the Irish, but opposition to such a union on the part of Irishmen either here or abroad would work disastrous consequences to their cause.

THE troops are finally at Santiago, and the invasion of Cuba has begun. We have thought such an invasion unwise, because the end to be gained could be better accomplished, we believe, at less cost, if the expedition were undertaken later in the year. But the authorities in command of the army have thought it best to invade now, in the summer, and no doubt the landing of troops on the soil of Cuba is the real beginning of the real end of Spain's power in the island. General Shafter has taken with him a splendid body of men. His army, with the exception of the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts, and some of Colonel Wood's volunteer cavalry, are regulars. There are no better soldiers in the world. There are very few soldiers in the world who compare, man for man, in physique, in courage, in discipline, and in effectiveness, with the troops of our service. Undoubtedly the volunteers that accompany the expedition will in a short time be as good soldiers as the regular troops. In one respect they are probably superior, and that is in the general education of the rank and file. But the country ought to recognize that the invasion has actually begun, that this is not merely an expedition to take Santiago or to capture Cervera's fleet. Once upon the island, the troops cannot be withdrawn until the power of Spain in Cuba is ended. Another expedition is to start for Porto Rico. That expedition is less hazardous in every way. It will encounter fewer perils from the Spanish and from nature. The Spanish have a comparatively small force in Porto Rico, and the island is a healthy one. Now comes anxious times to the country and to those whose relatives and friends are engaged in real war. But there need be no fear of the result. We doubt if there will be any check to the triumphant advance of the American arms in these Spanish West-Indian possessions. The army and the navy will do the work allotted to them enthusiastically, courageously, and intelligently. And if the questions that must follow victory are left to the people, we have no doubt as to the result of their decision.

THE GOVERNMENT OF DISTANT TERRITORY.

IF the Hawaiian annexation resolution pass both Houses of Congress, with the great majority or anything like it which it commanded in the House of Representatives, this country will probably enter upon a colonial policy. The movement in that direction cannot be arrested at Honolulu. Expansion is in the blood of many Americans, and these Americans of the purest type—of the type whose intellectual activities and vagaries mark the idiosyncrasies of our people, and make them most interesting to the old and settled world. If these enthusiasts gain one point in their contention, if they put one American governing foot on a single island of the sea, their enterprise in conquest will after that enjoy the alliance of the *vis inertiæ* of their fellow-countrymen, who are chiefly inclined to believe not only that "whatever is is right," but that it shall remain right. Therefore, if we annex Hawaii, we may rest assured that the country will be asked, and perhaps coerced, to keep the Philippines, take the Canaries and Porto Rico, and perhaps forget our promise as to Cuba, now that it has been fully demonstrated that there is no insurgent government, and hardly enough of an insurgent force to strengthen and aid the little landing party of marines at Guantanamo. It is true that Congress solemnly promised that this should not be a war of conquest, declaring that it was undertaken in the interest of humanity and for the purpose of saving the reconcentrados from a cruel death. It is true also that it is the fundamental theory of our government—we quote from our great Declaration—that a people have the right to "the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them," and that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is true that among the complaints made in our Declaration of Independence against the King of Great Britain are that he "cut off our trade with all parts of the world," meaning that he had applied to us the colonial policy which our triumphant revolution finally drove England to abandon, and that he imposed "taxes on us without our consent." It is further true that for seventy years our Congress has been the object of constant complaint by reason of its inefficiency in domestic affairs; that its legislation has been crude; that its interference with the Executive has been scandalous; that its ignorant trifling with the money question has been disastrous; that party politics and personal aggrandizement rather than the public good have characterized its conduct. Notwithstanding all this, there is a strong party in the country, led, as we have said, by Americans of the native stock, who are willing to break the pledge given by Congress; who strongly desire that this war shall be a war of conquest; who are eager to overthrow the Declaration of the fathers, and to insist that the Hawaiians, as represented by the majority of them, the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, and the Philippinos, are without the pale of the "laws of Nature and of Nature's God," and that they are not entitled to a government deriving its "just powers from the consent of the governed"; that they may be ruled by our Congress, sitting at Washington, enacting laws for those whom few Congressmen have seen, and of whose needs they are ignorant—laws that may differ as to each distant colony; or, what is perhaps the most likely result of such rule, Congress may forget or absolutely neglect its subjects, as it has forgotten Alaska, for example, and as it has neglected the District of Columbia.

Congress is the power which governs territories, and it governs them so absolutely that some of the judicial decisions, asserting or affirming this power, indicate that the day may come when the Supreme Court of the United States may declare that the limitations of the Constitution affect Congress only in respect of legislation touching the States of the Union, and that they do not prevent Congress from exercising a power over territories as unrestricted as that which is exercised by the British Parliament. In a recent case decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at San Francisco, Judge MORROW said: "The Territories of the United States are entirely subject to the legislative authority of Congress. They are not organized under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of government as the organic law." Justice BRADLEY of the United States Supreme Court, in 1889, in an opinion in a case involving this question, said: "Doubtless Congress in legislating for the Territories would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of *personal rights* which are formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution, from which Congress derives all its powers, than by express and direct application of its provisions." Justice BRADLEY moved forward a little along a line pointed out by MARSHALL, going beyond any decision that had theretofore been made by the Supreme Court; and while it may be that the Court will always find a reason for keeping Congress within the constitutional limitations, its recent history shows that it is equal to bold departures. It may therefore some day reach the point of declaring that there is no limitation upon the powers of Congress in its government of territories.

Without regard to this point, however the question as to the advisability of adding territory to our government, which shall be completely under the control of Congress, is a very serious one. Certainly most of us are wrong in our judgment of Congress if the powers of that body ought to be enormously increased. It has been supposed that a proper regard for the interests of the country demanded rather that they should be curtailed. For many years it has been very difficult, practically impossible, to induce Congress to devote itself to the promotion of the general welfare. It has neglected its present duty. Are we to be happier, are our problems of government to be more easily solved, by increasing the already neglected duties of Congress? The decisions of the United States Supreme Court on this subject are explicit, and they fully sustain Judge MORROW'S assertion that "in a territory all the functions of government are within the legislative jurisdiction of Congress, and may be exercised through a local government, or directly by such legislation as we have now under consideration." The legislation was a liquor law passed by Congress, and applying to Alaska. It may be added that Congress has not only the power to establish a territorial government, its establishing act being the organic law of the territory, but it has the power to declare invalid the enactments of the territorial Legislature erected by itself.

What is the actual constitutional and legal situation? There is, in the first place, no doubt as to the power of Congress to acquire territory. The power to declare war and the power to make treaties imply the power to acquire territory. There is no one who questions its existence. It has been declared over and over again by the Supreme Court. Neither is there any doubt as to the power of Congress to govern territory so acquired. This is expressly granted to Congress in the provision of the Constitution which authorizes the legislative branch of the government to make needful rules and regulations respecting territories. As Justice BRADLEY said, in "The Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints *vs.* United States": "It would be absurd to hold that the United States has power to acquire territory and no power to govern it when acquired." Nothing, then, can prevent the annexation of territory that may be acquired in war with Spain or through a treaty of peace; whether a resolution of annexation would hold is another question, which, however, is not likely to be raised. And territory once acquired, it will be governed absolutely by Congress, the President and the regular judiciary having nothing to say in the matter after the organic law establishing the territorial government, if such a law be passed, is once in operation. If, however, Congress assumes full control as a local government, it will be free to do as it will—to pass one law for one territory and another for another, or to neglect all impartially, while as to the executive and judicial authorities of these territories, they will be such men as the politicians of Congress prefer. Now the serious question is, do we want all this? And the question is so serious that Congress ought not to take the first step towards it, which it will do by the passage of the Hawaiian annexation resolution, until the issue has been submitted to the country and fully discussed in a general campaign. The passage of this resolution at this session would be a snap-judgment against the people.

GERMANY AND THE WAR.

IT is easy to account for the persistency of the rumors which attribute to the German government the intention to reap some benefit for itself out of the settlement of our war with Spain. The German government is itself accountable for this persistency.

The Kaiser has announced that a satisfactory "Imperialism" requires maritime power, and his brother has assumed the mission of preaching the gospel of his Majesty's consecrated person to those who would hear, and also to those who would not hear. In order that this gospel shall be properly expounded in the Pacific, it is plain that a considerable extension of Germany's present "holdings" in that ocean must take place. These at present comprise only the recent acquisitions in China, a German protectorate, comprising ninety-seven German inhabitants, in the northern part of Southeastern New Guinea, and the neighboring "Bismarck Archipelago," and some of the Solomon and the Marshall Islands. These possessions by no means make an "imperial" showing on the map or in statistical returns. The Philippines do really constitute an imperial possession, and if they were to come into the possession of the United States as a consequence of the war, they would efface the outlying islands which Germany has been accumulating for fourteen years. It is of course unlikely that Spain would consent to deliver the Philippines for any advantage that a German alliance would give her, even if she were able to show a clear title to them. That she cannot do, so long as Manila Harbor is in the possession of an American fleet and Manila town under its guns. But the Carolines and the Ladrones are still, without dispute, Spanish. Upon the former of these, at least, Germany has already cast a covetous leer, and the latter would afford a convenient naval station in view of the Chinese acquisitions.

It is unfortunately not necessary to assign a rational motive for German acquisitiveness. "Imperialism" is its own excuse for being. It is not necessarily more sane or defensible when it is entertained by any proportion of seventy millions of private persons than when it takes possession of the crowned bonnet of an anointed monarch. General MERRITT, when, the other day, at San Francisco, he expressed his own belief in what, without any sort of authority, he described as the "new policy" of the United States, committed a much less commendable indiscretion than when he publicly quarrelled with his orders and objected to going to Manila without an adequate force, including a considerable proportion of regular troops. If any adult American had proposed a year ago that we should pay what General MERRITT'S expedition will cost for the Philippine Islands, or take them as a gift, his fellow-citizens would have regarded him as of unsound mind. Now that we have, so to speak, found the islands, in the course of the legitimate warlike enterprise of destroying the Spanish fleet in the Pacific, it does not follow that our retention of them will be either desirable or justifiable, much less that Admiral DEWEY'S establishment of his squadron in Manila Bay, partly in default of any other place to take it, of itself inaugurates a new national policy.

Our true interest in the East is of course the utmost possible extension of our trade. That is England's object also; and considering that it is ours, we might properly have given her a moral support in the contest with Russia, France, and Germany, which we have allowed her to carry on single-handed. That is also the object of Japan, as she showed in the treaty which the three powers in question interfered to nullify. Of course nobody doubts that the combined naval power of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, if our own potential naval power were developed and made actual, would be far more than a match in the Pacific for all the other navies of the world combined. Nothing could more surely determine us to develop our naval power, and to enter into such a combination to prevent exclusive acquisitions in and by European powers, than a popular belief that Germany, alone or in conjunction with other powers, meant to treat us as the three powers treated Japan. If that came to be believed in this country, there would be danger that we should retain the Philippines, irrespective of our own interests, by way of defiance to dictation. It is not at all to the interest of Germany that we should maintain in the Pacific as great a naval force as we could maintain. Wherefore the assemblage of German war-ships in the Philippines, in numbers beyond what the protection of German subjects or of German commercial interests require, and apparently by way of a "naval demonstration," seems to be "bad politics."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Friday, June 10.—By a vote of 43 to 22 the Senate agreed to the war revenue bill.

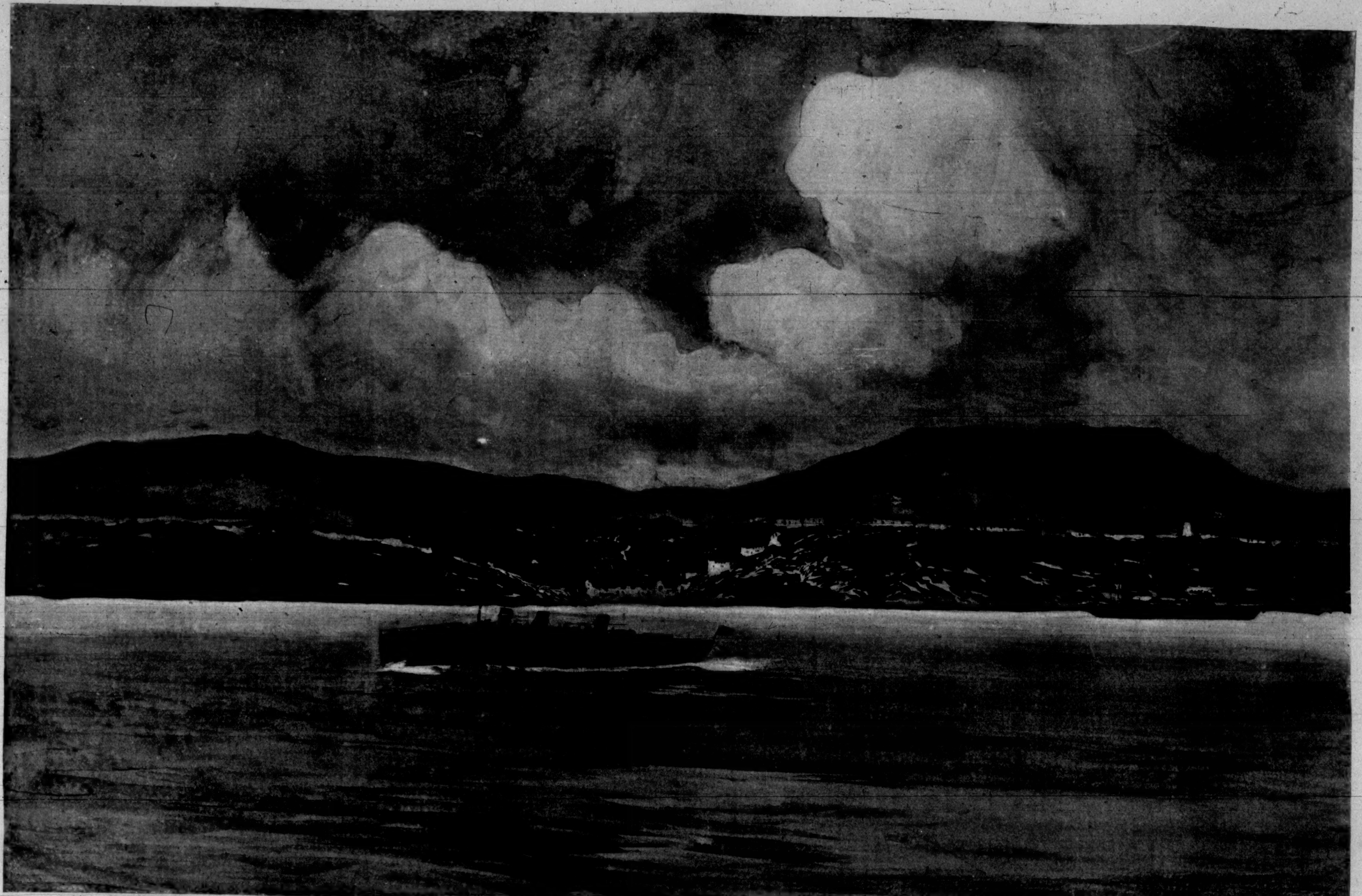
A force of more than 600 marines from the troop-ship *Panther* was landed on the eastern shore of Guantanamo Bay, province of Santiago de Cuba, under the protection of the guns of the *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, *Dolphin*, *Yankee*, *Yosemite*, *Porter*, and *Vixen*. A small flat-topped hill was selected for encampment, receiving the name "McCalla," in honor of the *Marblehead's* commander. The landing was effected in an hour, without accident. The position taken by this landing party, or possibly a less exposed camp in the immediate neighborhood, will be held for the present, with the object of rendering the outer harbor secure for the use of our fleet.

Saturday, June 11.—The Navy Department made public an official report from Rear-Admiral Sampson on the sinking of the *Merrimac* in the channel leading into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Admiral Sampson's "appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew" is expressed in the warmest terms.

The *Vixen* landed rifles, ammunition, and provisions for the insurgents at Aserradero, about twenty-five miles west of Santiago.

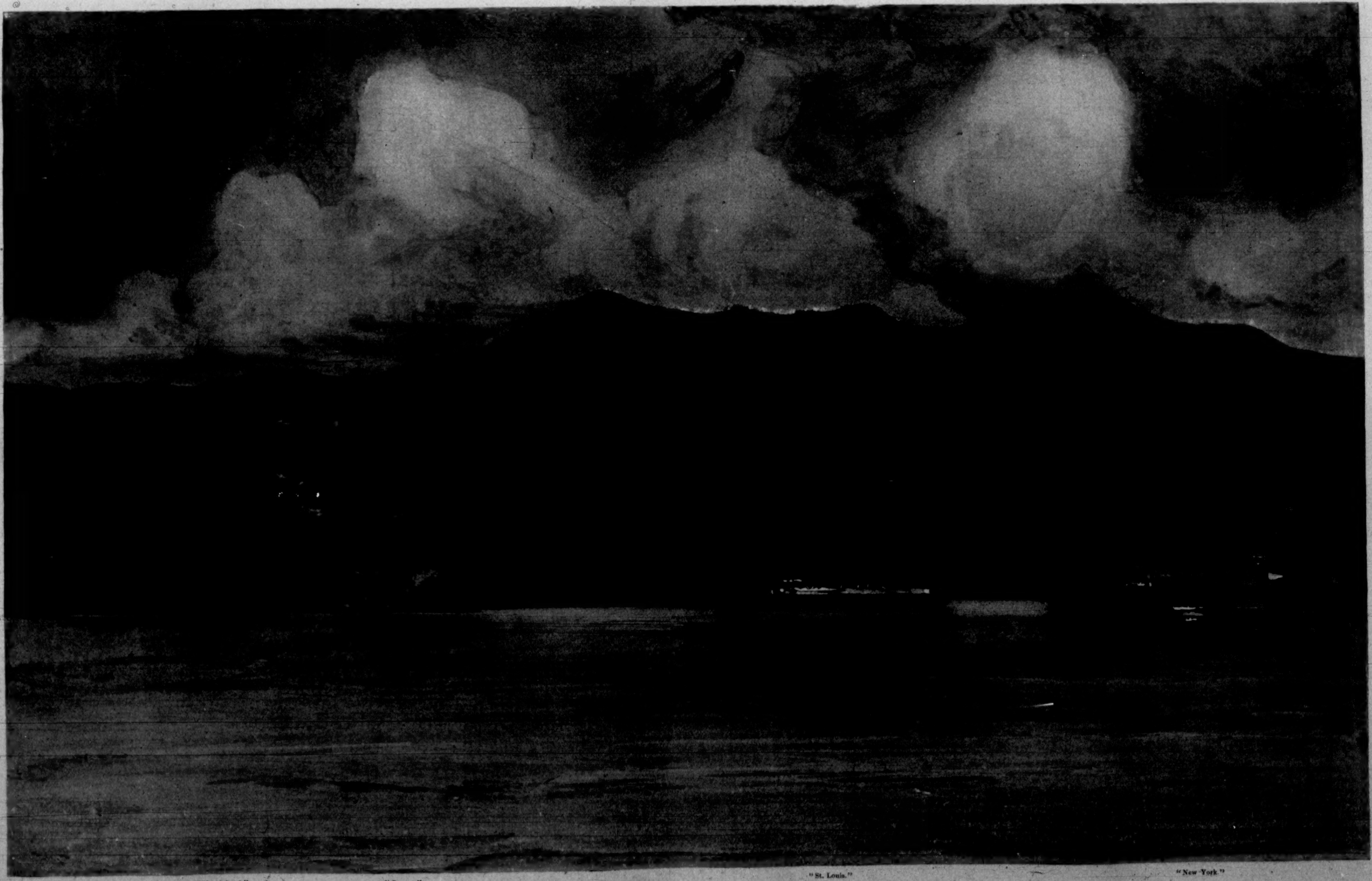
Saturday and Sunday, June 11 and 12.—At half past five o'clock on Saturday afternoon an insurgent scout brought word to Camp McCalla, Guantanamo, that an attacking force of Spanish infantry was at hand. Almost immediately afterwards our outposts were fired upon. Hurried measures for the defence of the camp were all that the circumstances allowed. The Spaniards, superior in numbers, were hidden in thickets that stretched away on all sides from the unfortified hill, and, as reported by Lieutenant Neville, many of them had leaves and branches wrapped around their bodies, so that they could scarcely be distinguished from the undergrowth. Our marines, with their entrenchment scarcely begun, offered an easy mark. But this first attack proved to be rather in the nature of a skirmish; the firing lasted about an hour. Marines from the *Marblehead* were sent ashore; men who had been bathing ran half naked into camp. Before night fell the sentries came in. Two of our men had been killed. The bodies, when recovered, appeared to have been hacked with machetes. In the course of the night we lost two more, Sergeant Smith and Dr. John Blair Gibbs, the former killed (and his body "terribly mutilated") in the woods, the latter meeting his death while on duty in the camp; and several of our men were wounded. Renewed and repeated a dozen times before daybreak, the Spanish attacks were most threatening about 1 A. M., when it seemed that the camp was completely surrounded. The little force of Americans held the ground coolly, and their volleys seem to have been delivered with good judgment, for they sufficed to hold the enemy in check. From Guantanamo Bay the *Marblehead's* search-light was trained on the thickets; this, with the flash of the Mauser rifles, served to guide the aim of our men. The night was uncommonly dark. The Spanish losses are not certainly known. At six o'clock on Sunday morning field-pieces in the camp opened fire and drove a body of Spanish infantry from cover; the *Texas* arrived and landed forty marines with two Colt automatic guns; meanwhile the *Marblehead* was shelling the thickly wooded hill-side on the south, where the Spaniards were supposed to be concealed. The guns from the *Texas* were hauled up the path and mounted on the earth-works that now, hurriedly completed, promised a certain degree of security to the men remaining in camp, while one company of Colonel Huntington's command, deployed in skirmish line, moved forward to discover and dislodge the enemy. At this juncture the Spaniards proved that they also were to have the support of artillery, one of their guns opening fire unexpectedly across a bar that juts out into the bay northwest of Camp McCalla. It was silenced by the *Texas*. The efforts of the skirmishing party to engage the Spaniards on even terms, and the firing of guns from the *Marblehead* and from the camp were wellnigh continuous, but the Spanish guerilla attacks, shifted from point to point, were not less persistent, irritating, and, at last, intolerable. Accordingly the camp was removed to the foot of the hill, bluejackets from the *Texas* and *Marblehead* and sixty Cuban insurgents lending their assistance. The two marines first to fall Saturday afternoon were buried. The funeral service was interrupted by the bullets of the enemy, to whom the sacred purpose of those sharing in this observance must have been apparent. Prayers for the dead were finished under fire. Throughout the evening and the night this exhausting attack was maintained, guns from the *Panther* and *Abarenda*, as well as the *Marblehead*,

(*Continued on page 626.*)


New Batteries.
"Porter."
Entrance to Harbor.
Old Fort.
"Mayflower."

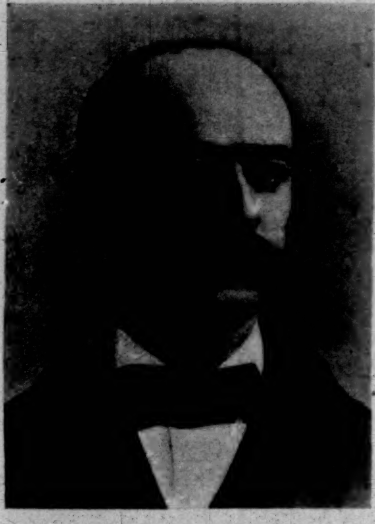
GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO, JUNE 3, 1898.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The small cruisers run about close inshore."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's letter.*


"Marblehead."
"Oregon."
"St. Louis."
"New York"

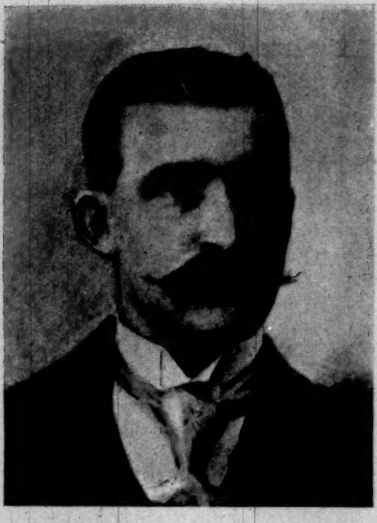
OUR WAR-SHIPS OFF THE COAST NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JUNE 3, 1898.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The great battle-ships under the towering hills look like pygmies."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's letter.*



ASSISTANT-SURGEON JOHN BLAIR GIBBS, U.S.N.,
Killed, June 12, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

PRIVATE JAMES McCOLGAN, U.S.M.C.,
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.



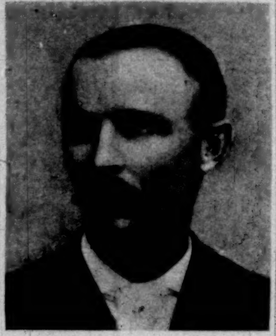
SERGEANT CHARLES H. SMITH, U.S.M.C.,
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE net sum raised for the Lowell memorial park at Cambridge was $37,427. That amount insures the purchase of the Elmwood lands offered, with a surplus of $2400, which may possibly be used to buy additional land.

Our war has brought Lowell prominently into the public mind, and made very noticeable how peculiarly representative of national sentiment his poetry is. He has been more quoted in the newspapers and elsewhere during the last two months than all our other older poets put together. It is interesting to search out of his letters his impressions of Spain and the Spaniards formed during his stay as American minister in Madrid. He said, in a letter to Mr. Howells: "Spain is as primitive in some ways as the books of Moses, and as Oriental. Spaniards have, I believe, every possible fault—and yet I love the jades for a' that. . . . Their indifference to legitimate profit is a continual comfort, and they have no more enterprise than an Old Cambridge man."

The sale of the publishing business of Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston, to Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., is of interest in the world of books. Among other authors whose books the Messrs. Roberts have published are Louisa Alcott, Louise Moulton, and Edward Everett Hale. The editions of translations of Balzac and Molière, on which the Messrs. Roberts' imprint is familiar, do not pass in this transaction.



GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, OF THE "MERRIMAC."
One of Lieutenant Hobson's Volunteer Crew. Promoted Chief Machinist for Gallantry.

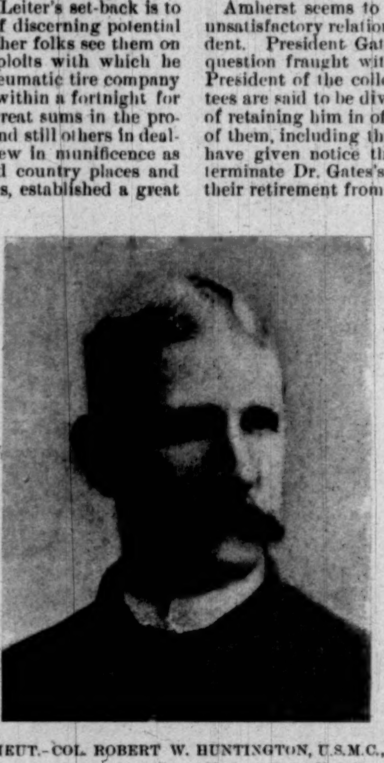
Word comes from Ithaca that when Cornell enters another oratorical contest she will try to make sure that other States besides Ohio are represented among the judges. This year, it appears, the six judges were all Ohio men, and an Ohio man, Mr. Longfellow of Wesleyan, took the first prize. Cornell's man, Mr. Mayer, was second. "Too much Ohio," grumbles Cornell, whereat her friends may be excused for smiling.

The election of Charles Francis Adams 2d to succeed Mr. Hooper as treasurer of Harvard College attests that an active interest in sports is not inconsistent nowadays with a reputation for business ability and sound judgment in matters of finance. Mr. Adams is one of the best known of American yachtsmen, and with his brother George won great aquatic victories in the *Gossoon*, the *Babboon*, and other good boats. He has discernment, too, about rowing and football, and has labored strenuously to bring Harvard success in those pursuits. He graduated with distinction at Harvard in 1888, was admitted to the bar in 1893, and, as a practising lawyer, is deep in the business—familiar in Boston—of being a director of companies, and a trustee of savings-banks, trusts, and other corporations, and of individuals. In Quincy, where he lives, he has twice been chosen Mayor of the city. He is a son of John Quincy Adams.

Joseph Leiter's experience seems something like that of the King of France, who, having marched his cohorts up the hill, marched them straightway down again. It recalls that of the Nantucket whaling captain who came back after a three years' cruise "with nary bar'l of oil, but had a durn fine sail." Mr. Leiter has excelled the King of France in that he has not climbed his hill for nothing, but has taken the advantage of the laws of gravitation and slid down considerably beyond the point where he started to climb up, and he has the advantage of the Nantucket Yankee in having compressed his experience into one year instead of three. It will be said now that, after all, the earlier Joseph was a more sagacious grain-operator than his namesake, but that is not altogether fair, for Jacob's son had certain foreknowledge of a seven-year famine, whereas our son of Levi had to get in and out again within fourteen months. What matter to him if he has not succeeded in doing it profitably. Inasmuch as he had no visible motive for playing with grain except to enlarge his mind and add to his knowledge of human concerns, rather than condole with him over his losses we should congratulate him that his business experiences promise to be rounded out and completed. To have toiled for months, and taken great risks, and thought hard, and only learned at last how it feels to win would not have really paid him. It is not in human nature to be content with winning alone. An experience of loss seems essential to wisdom and to contentment. As matters stand now, Joseph Leiter seems to have had both experiences, and had them in satisfying measure. Whether his losses were due to his unwillingness to take the paternal advice, or to lack of appreciation of when it was time to stop, or to events which could not be foreseen or prevented is matter for discussion among interested experts. What appears on the surface is that he seems to have proved constant in adversity, and that his rivals and brother strategists speak kindly of him. Inasmuch as his collapse, besides enlarging his experience, lets down the price of wheat, allowing mills that have been idle to grind again, and making bread cheaper, we must regard it as, on the whole, a good thing for all concerned.

Mr. Philip Armour's experiences with Mr. Joseph Leiter seem not to have impaired his ability to distribute funds. The other day he gave half a million dollars to the Armour Institute of Technology, which had outgrown the income of the million-dollar endowment with which he started it. The institute has 1100 students, and must be making very satisfactory returns on the sums invested.

The fiscal prostration of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the British promoter, has been quite as interesting to our neighbors in London as Mr. Joseph Leiter's set-back is to us. Mr. Hooley has had the gift of discerning potential values, and of being able to make other folks see them on an enlarged scale. One of the exploits with which he is credited was the purchase of a pneumatic tire company for ten million dollars, and its sale within a fortnight for twenty millions. He made other great sums in the promotion of a beef extract company, and still others in dealings in tubing for bicycles. He grew in munificence as well as wealth, had several splendid country places and some famous yachts and race-horses, established a great Jubilee fund for the poor of Derbyshire, and gave St. Paul's Cathedral a magnificent service of gold plate. Hooley's failure seems to be due to the depreciation in value of various companies in which he was interested—bicycle companies especially—and to his connection with a Spanish loan which he had undertaken to float when the war broke out and Spanish credit gave way. The jugglers of finance, like Hooley, who make huge fortunes by sleight-of-hand processes seem never really to learn the qualities or liabilities of money. A higher wave than usual comes rolling in and brings one of them on its crest, and leaves him in the sand. Instead of scrambling ashore to the real dry land, he usually stays frolicking where he was dropped, and making sand castles, until the next big wave picks him up and carries him out again.



LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT W. HUNTINGTON, U.S.M.C.,
Commanding 1st Battalion of Marines, Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

Inasmuch as it is confidently believed at this writing that Colonel Roosevelt's "Terrors" have actually gone with some 15,000 other troops to Santiago, there is a prospect that we shall have, presently, some war news that will be worth talking about. The fact that the particular accomplishment which, more than any other, differentiates Colonel Roosevelt's troopers from our other soldiers is the ability to ride anything that goes on legs, makes it matter for regret that the regiment's collection of trick-animals should have been left behind. What the Rough Riders will do with nothing to rough-ride is hard to predict, but we shall all want to know, and will be diligent in trying to find out.

The Astor Battery is going to Manila. There is not quite as much popular interest in the Astor Battery as there would be if its founder was personally serving with it instead of elsewhere; but still, like the Rough Riders, it has a name that brings it attention and identifies it. It is an interesting question whether the appetite for adventure is better appeased by orders to the Philippines or to the Antilles. Manila is far, far away, and going there is somewhat more like going to the moon than a trip to Cuba or Porto Rico is. What will happen there, too, is harder to forecast, and the time of return is rather more uncertain. Inasmuch as there are comparatively few Spanish troops there, military service in the Philippines seems somewhat less hazardous than in Cuba, and the climate is better than that of Cuba in the rainy season. Altogether, the chances of eventual return from Manila seem good for most soldiers who go there, while the prospect of entertainment meanwhile is very fair. If an archipelago with a population of eight millions cannot keep twenty thousand Yankee soldiers comfortably busy for a year, life in the tropics must be more stagnant than we have been used to think it.

There will be great times aboard the *Olivette*, the steamer which carried the newspaper correspondents and the military and naval attachés of the foreign legations and embassies from Tampa to Santiago. Think of cooping up together in a single steamer fifty or sixty newspaper correspondents, all fertile and ingenious, and a dozen or more accomplished foreign officers! Does it not seem that the command of the expedition should be with that vessel? And does it not stagger the imagination to think of the talk exchanged there, the opinions formed and aired, and the hypotheses invented in that steamer?

Amherst seems to have a sort of silent sorrow in the unsatisfactory relations between the college and its President. President Gates has gone to Europe, and it is a question fraught with tribulation whether he is to be President of the college on his return or not. The trustees are said to be divided in opinion as to the expediency of retaining him in office, and some of the most influential of them, including the Rev. Dr. Storrs, are understood to have given notice that action taken by the trustees to terminate Dr. Gates's administration will be followed by their retirement from the board. So the predicament is a painful one, and all the parties involved seem proper objects of commiseration. It has never come to public notice that there were more specific objections to Dr. Gates than that his administration had not seemed to promote in due measure the welfare and peace of Amherst college and the contentment of its friends.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop asks for gifts of money to support her Home for Cancer Incurables at 668 Water Street, New York. The value of Mrs. Lathrop's work, and the quality of her devotion to it, are too well known to need to be rehearsed.

There is something as good as new besides war in the air, if not necessarily in the wind. It is a gas which has been named "crypton," and it constitutes one twenty-thousandth part of the atmosphere. Its finder is Professor Ramsay, who was joint discoverer with Lord Rayleigh of argon. It is just as true as ever that there is nothing really new under the sun, but there are so many things that have not yet been identified and labelled that the business of investigation promises to be brisk and remunerative for eons to come.

Professor Norton vehemently disapproves the war with Spain, but still feels that, now we are in it, we must "provide the administration responsible for the conduct of it with every means that may serve to bring it to the speediest end." This admission has outraged the feelings of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, who apparently wants to stop just where we are and take the back track. Mr. Garrison has relieved his mind in a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, which is hospitable to all the views of all of its constituents, provided they make interesting reading. Mr. Garrison has a great gift of disagreement. It would be interesting to know if any one—even Mr. Love, of Philadelphia—could hit upon a course of action under present circumstances in which he could conscientiously co-operate. It remains to be seen whether he will feel it his duty to stand out against the new war taxes, and eschew beer, tobacco, tea, bank checks, and the other luxuries from which it is proposed to raise revenue.

The audacity of sundry of our enterprising journals in seeking to add Admiral Cervera to their lists of special correspondents was magnificent, indeed, but was it war? Perhaps Admiral Cervera thought it was not, and was the readier on that account to be relieved of the charge of Constructor Hobson.

A life of much value and the brightest promise was cut short by the bullet which brought down Dr. John Blair Gibbs in the night attack on our marines made by Spaniards on June 12 at Guantanamo, Cuba. Dr. Gibbs was one of the first of the recent volunteers—the very first, some accounts say—to receive a commission in the navy. He was the son of the late Major Alfred Gibbs, of the Seventh Cavalry, and was a successful practising physician, a partner of Dr. Parker Syms, of New York. When the first call for volunteers came, Dr. Gibbs determined to go. His father had been a soldier, and the impulse to serve his country was stronger in him than considerations of personal advancement. He was about forty years old, and after receiving a prolonged and careful medical education he had taken good rank in his profession, and acquired a valuable surgical practice. He knew that in entering the navy he could not get rank commensurate with his age and qualifications. Nevertheless, being unmarried and having no one dependent on him, he felt it his duty to apply for a commission. He was at once accepted, made assistant surgeon, and detailed to assist the Board of Examining Surgeons at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Then he applied for active service, and was detailed to report to the Chief Surgeon at Key West, when he was assigned as acting assistant surgeon on the *Panther*—an assignment which took him ashore with the marines at Guantanamo, and brought him to a soldier's end.

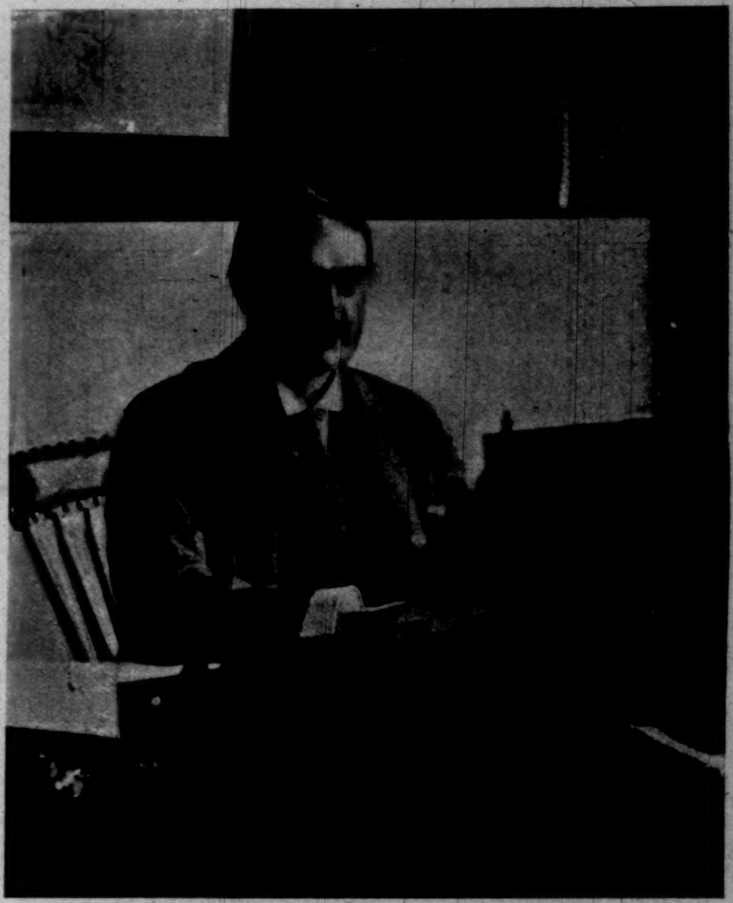
He is spoken of with great affection and respect by his acquaintances, who are many, in New York. He was a graduate of Rutgers College, the University of Pennsylvania, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

There is a good deal of interesting Commencement news which is likely to receive rather scant attention. Princeton was the second university to make Admiral Dewey a Doctor of Laws. Princeton is related to the Admiral through his son George, who is a Princeton alumnus of two years' standing.

An interesting Princeton appointment was that of Walter A. Wyckoff, of the class of '78, to be Professor of Economics. Mr. Wyckoff will be recalled as the gentleman whose protracted experiences in earning his living by his hands as an unskilled laborer have been recorded to the edification of so many contemporary readers.

Harvard, whose Commencement does not come until June 29, deserves attention for the appointment of Mr. E. H. Strobel to be Bemis Professor of International Law. By the terms of its foundation this professorship—a new one—calls for a person of practical experience in diplomacy. Mr. Strobel was Secretary of Legation at Madrid for five years, and was afterwards minister to Ecuador, and later to Chile. He is an accomplished linguist, and has been very efficient and successful in his diplomatic employments. One of the duties of the professors of international law in our colleges seems to be to enlighten the public from time to time through the newspapers as to the merits of various foreign complications which we get into. If Mr. Strobel's diplomatic experiences have not taught him too well the virtue of silence, his views on coming problems in our relations with our foreign brethren should be very well worth our attention. He certainly ought to know Spain, Spaniards, and Spanish-Americans, information about all of whom is just now in special request.

Prince Albert of Flanders, Crown-Prince of Belgium, who has been visiting in this part of this country, is a dignitary in good and regular royal standing, and entitled to all the polite consideration which there is opportunity to offer him. He has seen Newport, and has been hospitably entertained there, both ashore and on the water, and at last accounts was in New York, experiencing the tranquillities of the Astoria Hotel, and about to witness an exhibition of tumbling by that maritime acrobat the Holland torpedo-boat. There is a war on just now, in which this country is concerned, which should interest a visitor, but it is hard to get sight of it. The Omaha Fair is easier to find, and the Prince should not go home without inspecting it.



JOHN ADDISON PORTER, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.
In the War-Office at the White House.

It appears, from statistics furnished by the graduating class at Yale, that the average annual expenditure of the contemporary Yale undergraduate is $915. This conclusion is reached from reports furnished by 200 men out of a class of about 300. The largest estimate sent in was $2800; the smallest, $91 25. From 40 to 50 men reported expenditures of from $900 to $1100 annually. The estimates of more than three-fourths of the students making reports fell between $300 and $1300. Whether the men who did not report were the poorer men or the richer ones, or men of average means, does not appear.

Out of a graduating class of 121 of the Sheffield Scientific School, 15 members enlisted for the war, which is the largest number in proportion to the size of the class as yet reported from any institution.

The author of "The Sweet By-and-By" is dead. He was Dr. A. Fillmore Bennett, of Richmond, Illinois, a veteran of the civil war, and author of many songs and hymns. The air of "The Sweet By-and-By" is a good marching tune, and the hymn might be paraphrased to good advantage for use in the present emergency. The By-and-By when the last Spanish soldiers shall have sailed away from Cuba, and a suitable orphan asylum shall have been provided for the Philippines, is awaited just now with an expectation that is not the less ardent because it is patient. The present war has produced columns of verse, but has not as yet given us any song that has become epidemic. There is a call for a song that will express our feelings. We shall know better just what our deepest feelings are about this war when we see the song that expresses them.

As the result of a competitive examination open to college graduates, one of the two $600 fellowships offered by the American School for Classical Studies in Rome has been awarded to Mr. Charles Upson Clark, of Brooklyn. Mr. Clark was valedictorian of the class of 1897 at Yale, and has been a postgraduate student there for the past year. He won distinction while in college as a successful debater in intercollegiate contests. His father is a well-known editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*, and his mother, equally well known in the republic of letters, is Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, of Brooklyn. E. S. Martin.

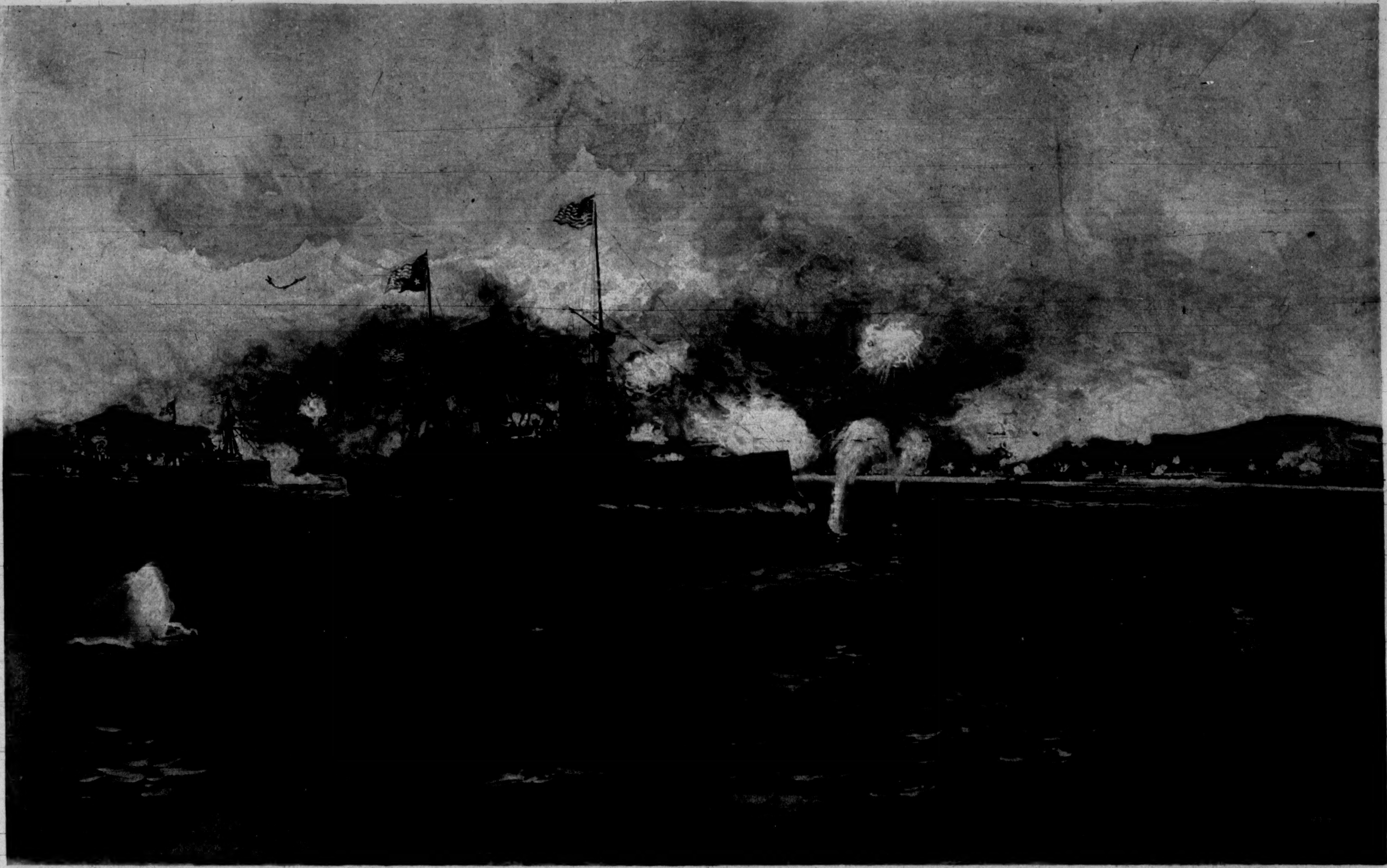
JOHN ADDISON PORTER.

In speaking with a correspondent of the Weekly a few days ago, the Secretary to the President characterized the members of the cabinet as "princes"—meaning that the government business transacted in each department has so greatly increased and is now of such extent that it is useful to regard the separate departments as little kingdoms or principalities. No one man at Washington can know all that is going on; the head of a department is practically supreme, as to most of the matters of his "principality," because the details of his work are familiar to him alone—*terra incognita* to those connected with other branches of the government, and unexplored territory even to the President.

Fortunately the Secretary to the President has not a task beyond human powers. He is not exactly expected to "know all that is going on," but it is his duty (which a man of tact converts into a privilege), more or less, to put every one in the right way to gain the information required—one of many duties. And this is mentioned, not in order to show how the responsibility of the office now held by Mr. Porter has increased, for it has grown in other directions as well; rather it is mentioned in order to add point to the recognition of eminent fitness for the difficult work intrusted to him.

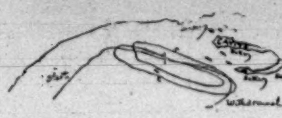
A brief sketch of Mr. Porter's career was published in the issue of the Weekly dated April 3, 1897. Instead of repeating the information which the author of that article presented in a very pleasant fashion, it may be sufficient to refer to it now, in connection with the recent portrait which is reproduced on this page, with the mere suggestion that has been given of development during the stirring and driving months that have intervened.

SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS GOING ABOARD TRANSPORT "VIGILANCIA" AT PORT TAMPA.


"Concord." "Petrel." "Raleigh." "Boston." "Baltimore." Spanish Passenger-Steamer "Mindanao."
"Olympia."
Other Spanish Ships.
"Reina Cristina."
"Castilla." "Don Antonio de Ulloa." Shore Battery. Dry Dock.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON SWINGING AROUND THE ELLIPSE.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER A SKETCH MADE ON THE DESPATCH-BOAT "McCULLOCH" BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 622.]


Cavite
battery
battery
battery
Withdrawal

Mr. McCutcheon writes: "The American vessels carried ensigns from every mast and peak. The Spanish ships flew only one flag each, from the mizzen-peak. All the American ships were painted lead-color, and so were all the Spanish ships, excepting the 'Castilla,' which was white, and had two barges alongside to protect her water-line."

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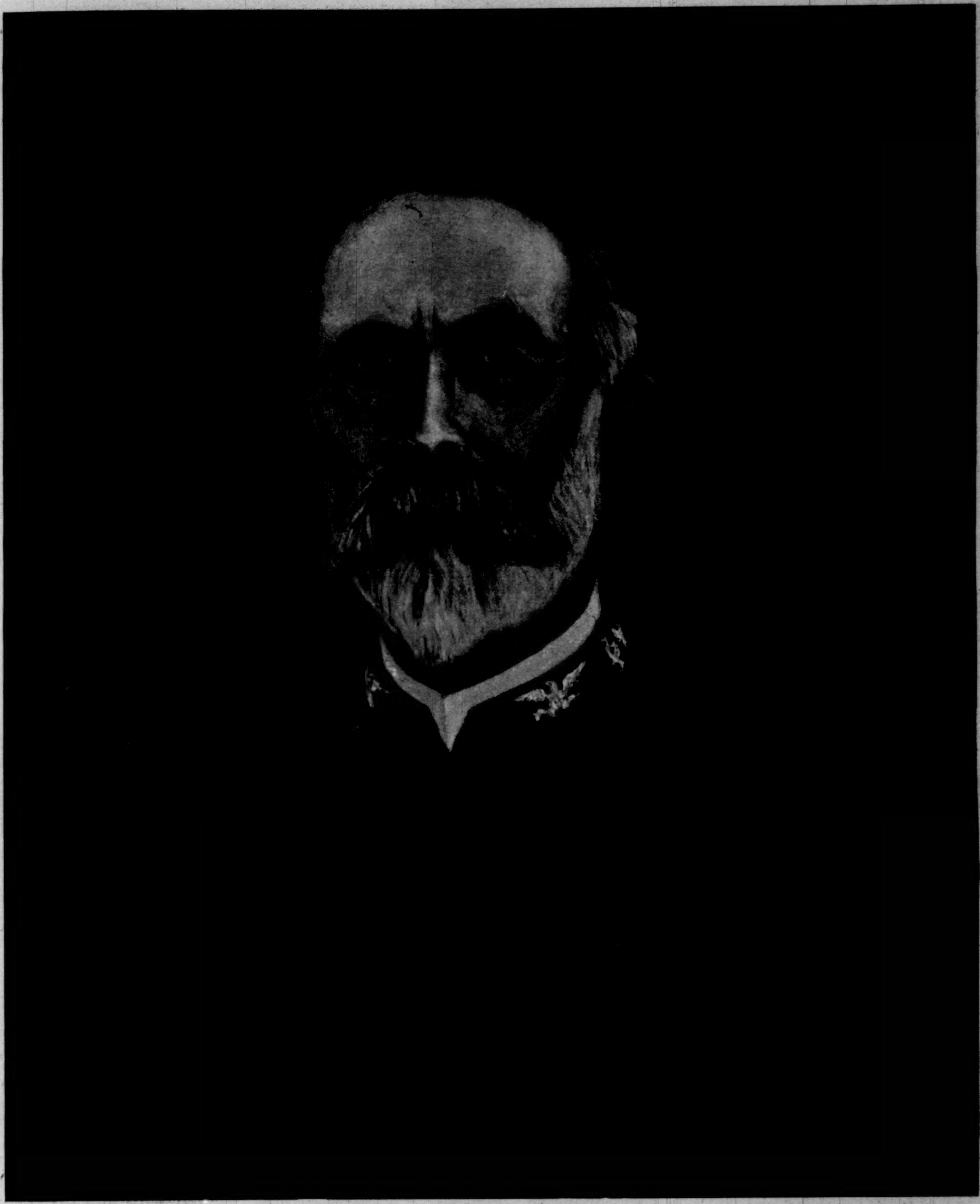


ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON, U.S.N., COMMANDING NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM THORNE.

CAPTAIN WHITNEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE story begins very quietly, in a time of profound peace, with record of a fact or two before we come to the second week in last April.

Henry H. Whitney was born in 1866, and was eighteen years of age when he was graduated, as second in his class, from the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. A few years later he went to West Point, on the strength of his success in a competitive examination, the appointment being made from his native State, Pennsylvania, by General Patton. He was president of his class during the four years—the highest honor in the gift of cadets; was Cadet Captain of B Company—graduated in 1892. Immediately after graduation Whitney went abroad, travelling extensively in Europe in order to visit and inspect military centres. Returning to this country, he reported for service in his regiment, the Fourth Artillery, at Fort McPherson, Georgia. This regiment moved to Washington in 1893. In 1895 Whitney was detailed on special duty in the War Department, in the military-information division, and here the reputation gained at the Point for skill in drawing and map-making came to his aid like a friend in the nick of time. He was put in charge of an elaborate piece of work, which is doubtless already a familiar object to many of the WEEKLY's readers. The Military Map of the Island of Cuba, the authorized government publication, was prepared under his direction.

Whitney received an appointment as military attaché to Buenos Ayres, and was selected in April for a confidential mission to Cuba and Porto Rico—a mission not unrelated to the map-making, it might be thought, but more obviously incidental to his appointment as military attaché; for one of the duties of a military attaché is to gather military information from foreign countries. At the same time (and here is the beginning of mystification), if Lieutenant Carranza's spies should concern themselves with the reasons for his going, an answer was furnished in his publicly announced appointment:

"Why has Whitney left Washington?"

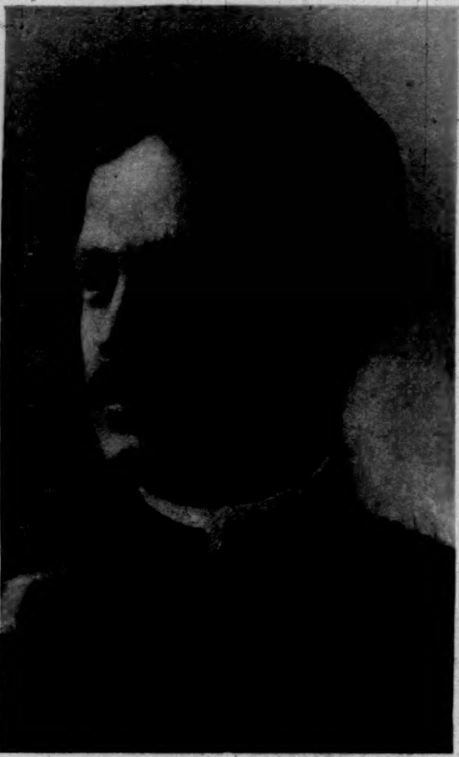
"Didn't you notice?....Something to do at Rio or Buenos Ayres, or one of those places....."

This statement is not quite clear at first glance; neither was the actual situation, in which one thing, while not a mere pretext, served to veil the really important plan.

But Whitney saw clearly that any delay for debating of ways and means, or for other cause, would defeat the purpose of the mission. He waited for nothing beyond the authorization; drew all the money he had in the bank, and went; when that sum was spent, borrowed from a consul and went on. He left Washington April 12, and returned to the same point June 8. In less than two months he had completed his task—had made his way to Gomez, as the bearer of despatches to the Cuban leader, and, by personal observation and skilful inquiry in various parts of Porto Rico, collected information for the use of the President and Secretary Alger in their plans for the campaign in the smaller island.

It was necessary to play many parts. At one time his rôle was that of newspaper correspondent; at another time he had all the appearance of being a member of the crew of the steamship that took him to Ponce, on the southern coast of Porto Rico; and while going about among the Puertoriqueños he permitted his hosts to assume that he was an English officer, in whose presence they did not hesitate to speak of Americans with the hatred and contempt they unquestionably feel. Curiously and deplorably unattached, the little island, while it is separated from us by hatred, due in part at least to ignorance of our character and our institutions (let us hope), is separated from Spain also by hatred. But as between the mother-country and the colony the smouldering hostility is not due to ignorance. The so-called "inquisition" of '87, the torturing of persons suspected of disloyalty, and the years of oppressive occupation have strengthened an impulse, springing from a too intimate knowledge, to revolt from such maternal caresses. The impression of Porto Rico's isolation is not less noteworthy than certain other impressions, as, for example, that in regard to the delightful hospitality of its people, which Captain Whitney holds in grateful remembrance; and again, that it is a "right little, tight little island," fit to be compared with the best of the eminently delectable bits of earth's surface, and to make a military strategist's mouth water; and again (although this is a good deal more than an impression), that the strength of the Spanish forces has been perhaps as absurdly overestimated as the might of a warrior with a tin sword-blade in his formidable scabbard.

Captain Whitney will say that he has no story of personal adventure to narrate; that there were no old-fashioned hand-to-hand encounters; that he carried a revolver, but never used it. But I find the distinction of his exploit, and its modern note, so to speak, in this very circumstance. Playing a cool game, with life at stake every minute of six or seven weeks at least, he had no time for other diversions. During the six or seven weeks of continuous exposure he did not forget for a minute that violence is not strength. There was a certain duty to be done, and to be done quickly.



CAPTAIN HENRY H. WHITNEY,
Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers.

"Your gentleness shall force more than your force move us to gentleness."

Yet one old-fashioned feature the story certainly has in its agreeable ending, namely: The young officer whom his friends will continue to call "Lieutenant" Whitney long after his present title of Captain shall have been exchanged for the well-earned majority, was ordered to report to President McKinley, and went to the Executive Mansion in company with Secretary Alger. At the door of the President's room he stood still, finding himself for the first time in the presence of his Commander-in-Chief. So Mr. McKinley came all the way to meet him, holding out his hand. **Marrion Wilcox.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

June 6, 1898.

It is a long time since San Francisco has seen so many brass buttons, and under the excitement of preparations for the invasion of the Philippine Islands the city is exclusively given up to things military. Whenever new detachments of troops arrive, the crowd chokes the streets, and all traffic along the line of march is stopped. In skirting the edge of this crowd and feeling its pulse, one cannot but come to the conclusion that their pleasure in the swing and dash of martial display comes of a light-hearted pride that at last they have an army like other countries, rather than from any deep appreciation of what war really means.

However, the people of San Francisco deserve the greatest praise for the generous hospitality they have shown. The Red Cross have been especially active. Arriving troops are marched into a long hall, where the Red Cross give them a hearty meal. Some of the leading society women wait on the tables. This kind treatment is thoroughly appreciated by the men. Only the other day one of the volunteers handed his waitress, a daughter of a California millionaire, a tip of ten cents, with the assurance that he had not had so good a meal since he left his home in Pennsylvania.

Between two hills, in the outskirts of the city, lies Camp Merritt. At one end of the camp begins the Golden Gate Park, with its thick masses of bright foliage, its smooth greensward, and well-kept winding roads. Here and on the hill-side above the camp, squads drill daily. The sandy ground of the camp is separated by wooden fences into lots, each reserved for one regiment. Around the barriers, eager to talk to the soldiers, visitors gather. Women predominate, and they nearly all beg the soldiers for buttons. I saw one soldier, on arriving in San Francisco, deliberately cut all the buttons from the front of his coat and throw them among the crowd. This fad of button-collecting has become such a nuisance that officers jokingly declare that unless the troops move on soon the army of occupation in the Philippines will have to rely on pins.

The twelve thousand troops here, coming as they do from every part of the Union, differ materially in preparation and equipment. Some of the States would not allow the militia to take their uniforms with them, and the men came here in a very ragged condition. Luckily the Red Cross have furnished many of these soldiers with shoes and other articles of clothing. It is noticeable that these same troops are the least efficient in their drill. Other regiments, such as the Tenth Pennsylvania, are well equipped and smart, and make an excellent showing by the side of the regulars on the drill-ground. Indeed, if there is any delay in sending off the second expedition for Manila, it is not that a sufficient number of trained men is lacking, but because the steamship companies are slow in fitting up the transports, and the government seems unable to turn out rapidly the required number of duck uniforms which are necessary for a campaign in a tropical climate.

For all the apparent delay in getting off troops, the wonder is, considering our inexperience, that preparations are so near complete.

The days of Lexington are over, when a farmer could take down his old gun and go potting the enemy on his own account. The soldier of to-day should know something of the intricate tactics of modern warfare. The non-commissioned officer, "the backbone of every army," must be formed. In European armies it takes a year to bring men up to the ordinary duties of a soldier from the time of individual drill to the grand manœuvres, and this when all the officers are trained to their profession. The hardy mountaineers of Greece, who had carried rifles all their lives, found that a knowledge of field tactics limited to lying on mountain ridges and shooting at Turks was not sufficient for the requirements of modern war. There is no other occupation in which the accurate and instinctive knowledge of details is more essential than in that of the soldier. In battle the coolest man may lose his head; he must then depend on habit—and military habit is very foreign to our country, where every man is accustomed to act independently.

To add to these difficulties the campaign in hand is one of foreign conquest, and the expedition which goes to the Philippines must be efficient in itself. The difficulties are thoroughly appreciated here. One of the most experienced officers at headquarters said to me, "The details of the expedition are all experimental with us; every question that comes up is new."

The difficulties are lightened, however, in the splendid material with which the officers have to deal. None of the troops, it is true, come up to European standards in finish; but they are learning rapidly, and they bring to the task an unlimited supply of good-will and energy. In comparing them with Continental troops, the superior determination and life of the men immediately strike one. They march as if they were going somewhere and meant to get there. I understand that excessive finish in drilling is not aimed at in our army, as it is supposed to make mere machines out of the men. According to this standard, the "painfully perfect" company is not looked upon with favor. **John F. Bass.**

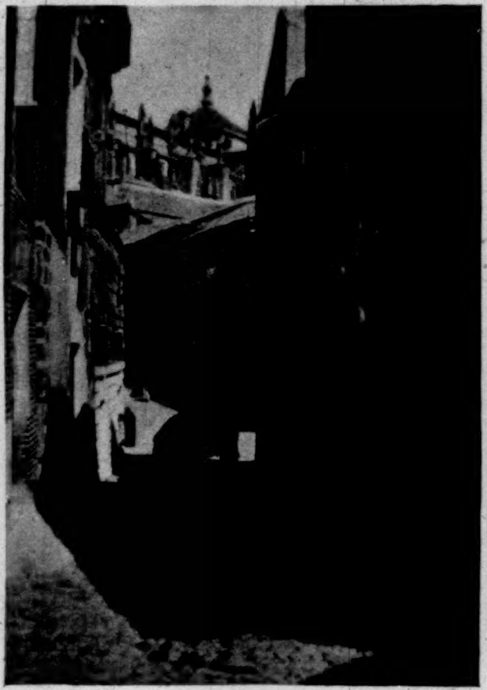
A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VII.—THIRD-CLASS TO TOLEDO.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

In Spain things are spoken of as modern which we would regard as bits of antiquity. The age of Queen Elizabeth seems long ago, and we make a fuss over the antiquity of a house that has survived since the time of George Washington. Here, on the other hand, so clear is the air, so dry the climate, that buildings erected about the time of Martin Luther and Charles V. look as sharply cut and clean in color as though built within the last fifty years. Things which we call old the Spaniard looks upon as comparatively new; when he says a thing is old, then we can conclude that it happened in the hazy days of that historic border-land between the Dark Ages and those of so-called chivalry.



STREET IN TOLEDO.

AN OLD DOORWAY, TOLEDO.

Toledo combines more different stratifications of architecture and historic association than any single place I know of. It is perched upon a rocky elevation overhanging the Tagus River, and used to be best known outside of Spain as the place where swords were made of such splendidly tempered steel that they could be twisted like a watch-spring without breaking. The Tagus is here a rushing stream, which tumbles over several dams, and turns to-day the same kind of water-mills that furnished manufacturing power in the days of ancient Rome. The streets of the town are so called by courtesy, for in fact they are mostly so steep and narrow that only pack-animals can make their way about the city. There has been apparently no change since the days of the Moors—in fact, whoever has seen such Moorish towns as Oran, Bugaria, or Algiers will recognize immediately the likeness to this central city of the Peninsula. The houses present to the street only a few small windows, heavily barred, like those of a prison, with a balcony or so up out of reach, and a court-yard that can be seen through the half-open street door. This town used to have a population of two hundred thousand, but, thanks to persecution and bad government, that number has now dwindled to seventeen thousand. If you subtract the beggars, the guides, the priests, and the garrison, the result would be much more discouraging.

It was hard for me at first to divest myself of the feeling that everything here was make-believe; that the ruins were artificial and the houses made purposely picturesque, after the manner of certain "antique" edifices erected near Potsdam. The old bridge over the Tagus was like something out of a Doré sketch-book. It was too dramatic to be real, too picturesque to appear truthful. I strolled into the house where Cervantes had lived, and I was quite prepared for Sancho Panza, or even the great Don Quixote himself, for in the stable-yard was the very donkey the jolly squire should have ridden upon, and the lean Rosinante just made for the knight-errant. There were swarthy, good-natured peasants enjoying their noon-time siesta, with huge rolls of cloth wrapped around them by way of belts, and every other element of picturesque costume. It was all too good to be true. Everywhere else we met with disappointment when seeking with a guide-book the romance of bygone ages. In Toledo the centuries have stood still, and to dream of the past is to live in the present.

Toledo is the holy city of the kingdom, and has a cathedral containing more treasures of priestly potency than any other sanctuary in this saintly state. The Archbishop of Toledo is the most important man in Spain, and there are here more priests to the square inch than anywhere else. The Romans had their temples here. The cathedral is built on the site of a Moorish mosque. It is a wonderful building, not finished yet, and its construction commenced in the early years of the Christian era. The Jews piled up wealth here, and so did the Moors. This went on until the Christians felt that the distribution was not satisfactory, and so they confiscated what was needed for clerical purposes, and drove out those who protested unreasonably. The archbishops of Toledo commanded armies in person, and conceived that the kingdom of God on earth improved its chances of permanency by effectually discouraging other theological versions than their own. All Toledo could be put inside of the Escorial, yet, from its great variety in architecture, it makes the impression of a very large and important place. The tortuous alleys never go far without bringing us to a costly building of some kind, generally an ecclesiastical palace, and I calculated that the population must spend a large share of the day in the churches in order to give the priests something to do; for seventeen thousand is, after all, not much when it comes to supporting several dozens of big churches.

I met a nice old fellow whom I took such a fancy to that I made a sketch of him. He was hung about with a varied collection of rat-traps and rosaries. I gave him a couple of pesetas and pretended that I wished to purchase something from him. He at once understood my meaning, and unhooked a few rat-traps, which he placed in my hand; but these were too big, so he took them back, and pulled from an inner pocket a handful of medals, which he said were very efficacious because they represented certain saints and enjoyed certain qualities which protected the wearer from disease. He piled one saint on top of the other so generously that I felt ashamed of absorbing so much spiritual insurance, and begged him to stop and not rob himself any more. He was a jolly old fellow, who flitted across the stage in this Middle Age drama as though for no other purpose than to preserve an illusion.

Pretty soon I found a party of workmen digging up the foundations of an old sewer, that looked as though Hannibal might have been its contemporary—it smelt so, at any rate. The drainage-pipes from the abutting houses into this main drain were constructed obviously on the principle that the sewage should, so far as possible, drain away into the surrounding earth and neighboring wells. The earth that was fetched up in baskets had turned black, and the stench left no doubt as to the antiquity of this structure. Toledo is reputed as deficient in sanitary matters. This I have no difficulty in believing.

I walked the little lanes up and down as energetically as the traffic allowed, and spent some five hours in this exercise, interrupted only by having to flatten up against the wall when heavily laden donkeys or mules passed me. It took me about as long to pace the streets of Toledo as to get through the different walks and colonnades of the Escorial, and this gives one a rough basis on which to estimate the relative size of the two places—the one a city which held two hundred thousand souls, the other a residence for one king and his monastic court.

On winding my way down from the famous old Alcazar, around its ancient walls fronting the gorge through which the Tagus rushes, I was suddenly arrested by two young women, who appeared to be eager to make my acquaintance, for they each grabbed one of my arms, spoke to me with startling rapidity, and acted as though they expected me to chaperon them. The elder of the two forced her umbrella into my hand, and pointed behind me to a long-horned bull, who was ambling in our direction, waving his head from side to side, as though desirous of having the road to himself. This was not strictly the sort of thing that had originally drawn me to Toledo, but I could not explain this to the two young ladies, so I pushed them up on top of a wall and speculated on my general fitness for playing at toreador. I was strongly disposed to try a sprint with that bull, to see who would get first to the river, but I gave that up for political reasons. Americans were already unpopular enough in Spain, and, besides, I knew the bull would get there first. However, in all these things events happen too quickly for proper classification, and in this case the beast with the long horns had rolled himself beyond me before I had properly arranged my plan of battle. The girls, however, thought the episode very exciting, to judge from the number of times they crossed themselves, and laughed hysterically.

OPENING AN OLD MOORISH SEWER, TOLEDO.

I had pushed them up on to the wall with considerable facility, owing to that mysterious access of acrobatic ardor which Providence arranges on occasions where personal safety is involved. But to get them down again was a much more difficult task, for there was no bull on the other side of the wall to make them indifferent to personal exposure. However, by dint of much scuffling and laughter and hard pulling, they were finally coaxed down, photographed, and sent off home with their precious umbrella. This is the nearest I ever came in Spain to a bull-fight, either as spectator or toreador. The panic which that long-horned bovine produced through the rest of his journey, so far as I could watch it, gave me considerable satisfaction, particularly after he had got through with me and my girls.

A bull has not much chance in a bull-ring, but on the public thoroughfare he can enjoy himself with a very small expenditure of activity. This particular animal had got loose somewhere in the neighborhood of the Alcazar, had ambled all the way down to the river, crossed the old bridge, and the last I saw of him was a pair of horns, and a tail like a flag-pole waving triumphantly in the direction of Gibraltar. The courtesy shown to that bull by gendarmes, soldiers, policemen, priests, and population generally could not have been exceeded had he been a popular opera-singer.

On the way from Toledo to Madrid I had a further exhibition of Castilian courtesy. The journey is about fifty miles by train, and takes therefore three hours and a half by the express. Some people would call this slow travelling (for instance, Russians or South Americans), but I had lived so long here—nearly a week—that I had no fault to find. On one side of me sat a glorious warrior, with a Remington rifle between his knees, and a Napoleonic cocked hat on his head. He was one of a picked body of men which does for Spain what the Texas Rangers do for the Department of the Rio Grande. He had a vast cape, which concealed everything around him excepting his head and two massive black eyebrows. On the other side of him sat a communicative young man from Dalmatia, who spoke German, though his native tongue was Italian. He was an optimist, for he had been visiting Toledo with a view to selling sanitary fixtures. He told me cheerfully all about his struggles to excite in Toledo enthusiasm for certain arrangements which we do not speak of in public, but which rather force themselves upon our attention if they are neglected. He said he had not expected much in Tolodo, and was consequently not disappointed. Opposite to me sat a bright-eyed young woman with a pretty lace scarf covering her head and shoulders. She seemed to be on her good behavior, for with her was a religious "Sister," who was either being chaperoned by her or maybe was herself acting in that capacity. I could not tell which was intended to be the more exclusive of the two. The voluble Dalmatian explained to them that I could not speak Spanish, and this rather broke the ice; for it excited the pity of the two young women, who assured me that it was the most easy language to learn—that; in fact, they had acquired it when they were mere children. This seemed rather obvious to me; but I did not know how to tell them that, for my own part, I had spoken English fluently at an equally precocious age. The fact that these pious women had never before seen any one who could not speak Spanish was somewhat in my favor, for it caused so much conjecture and sympathetic interest that I began to feel almost as important as Tom Sawyer when he exhibited his newly drawn tooth. The warrior unbent little by little under the soothing influence of the devotional women. He laid aside his great cape and accepted the cigarette I offered him.

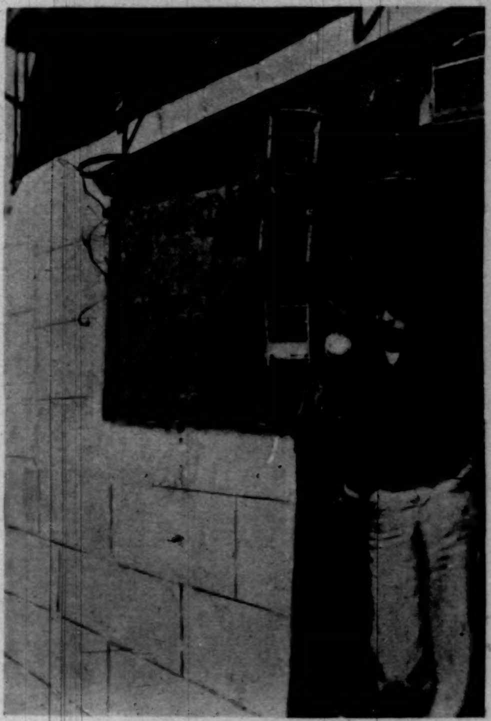
AT THE FOUNTAIN, TOLEDO.

Pretty soon the young women fetched out a basket full of very dry chicken legs and bread, and made such a meal as inevitably generates consuming thirst. During the meal the gendarme had held the attention of his audience by a graphic description of a desperate encounter he had had with several brigands. He raised his gun, pointed it with ferocious expression out of the window, smote himself upon the breast, and even if the sanitary Dalmatian had not subsequently interpreted the tale for me, I could not have failed to appreciate the heroic pantomime. It was obvious that now the brave gendarme had won for himself all the sympathy which had been formerly wasted upon me. So complete was the triumph that they offered him a share of their desiccated provisions, which he wisely and most courteously declined, on the plea that he had just risen from a hearty meal. But he smoked some more of my cigarettes, and then commenced to unstrap his knapsack. I expressed curiosity as to its contents, and expected to see boots and socks and shirts and shaving implements curled up snugly with military accuracy. But instead of these campaign impediments he pulled out a skin bottle, reminding me of those India-rubber cushions used by self-indulgent canoeists. He lifted it out carefully, winked at the religious chaperon, and passed the bottle generously to each of us in turn. The dry chicken bones and bread had paved the way for relaxation in this direction, and we soon gave the warm-hearted guardsman a lighter load for his knapsack. The wine was dark and fiery. The sack held about four quarts, and there were five of us. The sanitary drummer told me that this wine was considerably cheaper than milk, and that it was retailed to the army at about three cents a quart. In Barbadoes it was accepted as proved that ten cents' worth of rum would furnish a negro with a complete drunk. But in spite of the Spaniard's obvious advantage in the way of price, I have not yet seen a single drunken person in Spain.

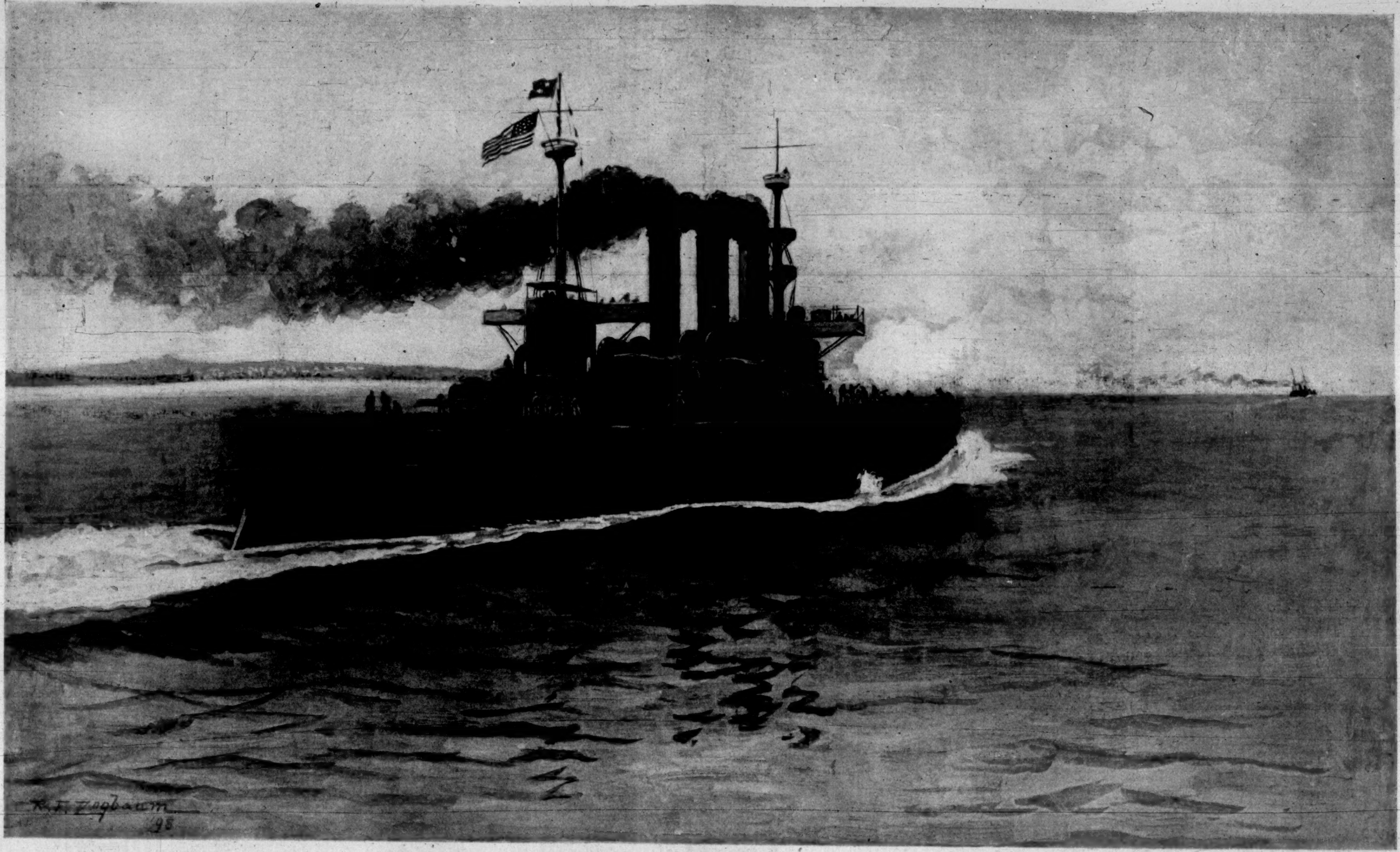
When I learned the price of this wine I felt less compunction in joining with the religious sisterhood at the warrior's expense. He, by-the-way, had a certain professional facility in the manipulation of his wine-skin that baffled me. He held the wine-sack nearly a foot above and beyond his mouth, and directed the nozzle so deftly as to squirt the refreshing stream directly down his throat. I did the same—that is to say, I squirted the wine—but it went mostly down inside my collar, to the huge delight of the religious ladies. When the wine-case had become pretty limp he stowed it away once more in his knapsack, and began to spin us more yarns about the life he led. From what the Dalmatian interpreted, it seems that every train must have two of these gendarmes on board, whose business it is to protect the train against brigands from without and revolutionary plots from within. Besides this, they patrol the highways and protect government property in all parts of Spain. Just now a batch of them have to stand guard over the United States Legation, to protect our bird of freedom and E Pluribus Unum from being taken down and badly treated by the populace. These gendarmes bear an excellent character, I am told, and this is certainly borne out by what I have seen of them, notably my companion from Toledo to Madrid. Had his corps not stood high in the opinion of respectable people, I am sure that the religious sisters would have been less sociable. These men always travel in pairs, and necessarily visit lonesome districts, where they could easily be ambushed and murdered before assistance could reach them. But they think little of this danger—first, because they are brave men; secondly, because they are respectable characters; and lastly because such as may be suspected of injuring a *guardia civil* are tried not by the slow and slippery procedure of ordinary courts, but are brought to a swift and sudden decision at the hands of military court martial. My intelligent Dalmatian friend, who does nothing but travel in the interests of his sanitary appliance, told me that he considered Spain to-day as safe to travel in as any other country of Europe. I should not like to be accused of holding up the Spanish government as a model for us to follow in all things. In the matter, however, of protecting our highways against tramps, who sometimes develop into cattle-thieves or burglars, we could with advantage adopt an institution common not merely in Spain, but all over Europe—namely, a national mounted police, separate from the municipal authorities, with a military organization that would enable them to act singly or in groups, as occasion might demand. As a part of the United States army it would command the respect of the different States, and would give to lonesome farm-houses and remote country places generally a sense of security which at present is very much needed. To-day with us the interest of a township, or county, or State is not so much to catch and punish a criminal as to coax him away into the next township, county, or State. Our local police act upon a once popular war maxim—that we must build golden bridges for the enemy. This may be well enough for the moment, but it does not tend to the suppression of crime throughout the country.

A great deal of the pleasure which I have so far had in life has been extracted from fellow-passengers in a third-class railway carriage. I could have got an equal amount out of a fourth-class one, but unfortunately Spain has only three classes of people. I venture to think that a traveller who should do nothing more than cross Spain in a third-class carriage would learn more of its people and institutions than if he spent a month in a fashionable hotel of the capital—coming and going first class. It might take him about a month to get across Spain, going as I have suggested; for third-class carriages are not attached to the limited express. When I am in a great hurry I am compelled to adopt the luxury of the first, which is not to be despised when bedtime comes. But for day purposes the company is apt to be inferior in social interest to that which is to be found on the popular level. The conversation of fashionable people is usually artificial, and in the first-class carriages I am apt to find millionaires and a certain class of English tourists, to whom conversation with strangers is absolutely taboo. I meet also a great many dyspeptic Americans who try to pass for English, and they are sad companions indeed.

A man with a guitar entered our third class compartment when we had got pretty well on with the time-table and the sack of wine, and we managed to make the rest of the journey melodious to ourselves if not to the rest of the train. The gendarme evidently prided himself upon a good voice, and the Dalmatian did his share. Even the Sister of Charity did some demure chorus-work, and the last drop out of the wine-skin went in part payment for the orchestra. When we rolled into the Madrid station I felt as though separating from old friends. I shook hands with the warrior, and wished him a rifle whose barrel should always be full of good cigars. The sanitary Dalmatian promised to come and see me in New York, and even the religious young women parted from me with expressions of good-will—they did not know that I was both a heretic and a Yankee!

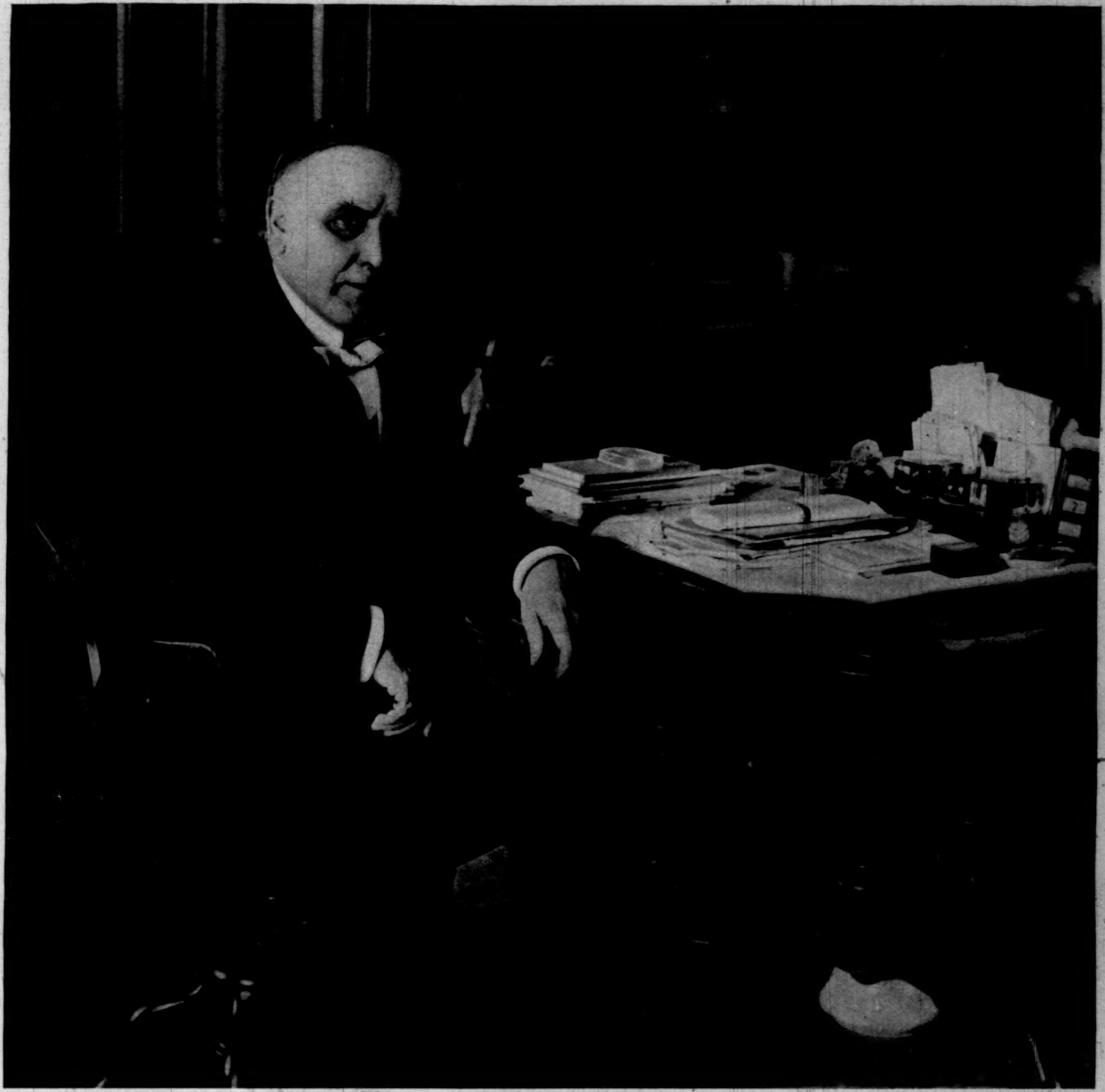


A SHOP IN TOLEDO.



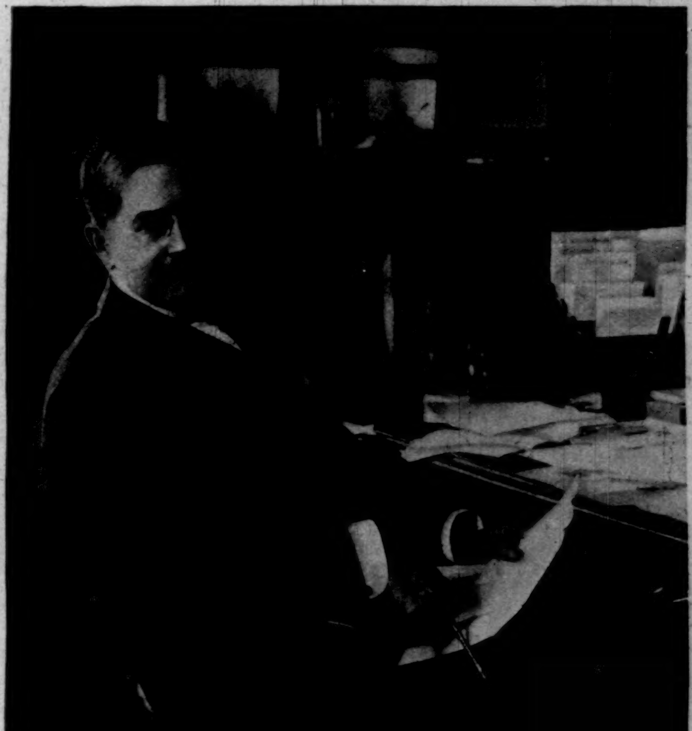
WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON IN CUBAN WATERS—THE "NEW YORK" IN CHASE.

Drawn on the Flag-Ship by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

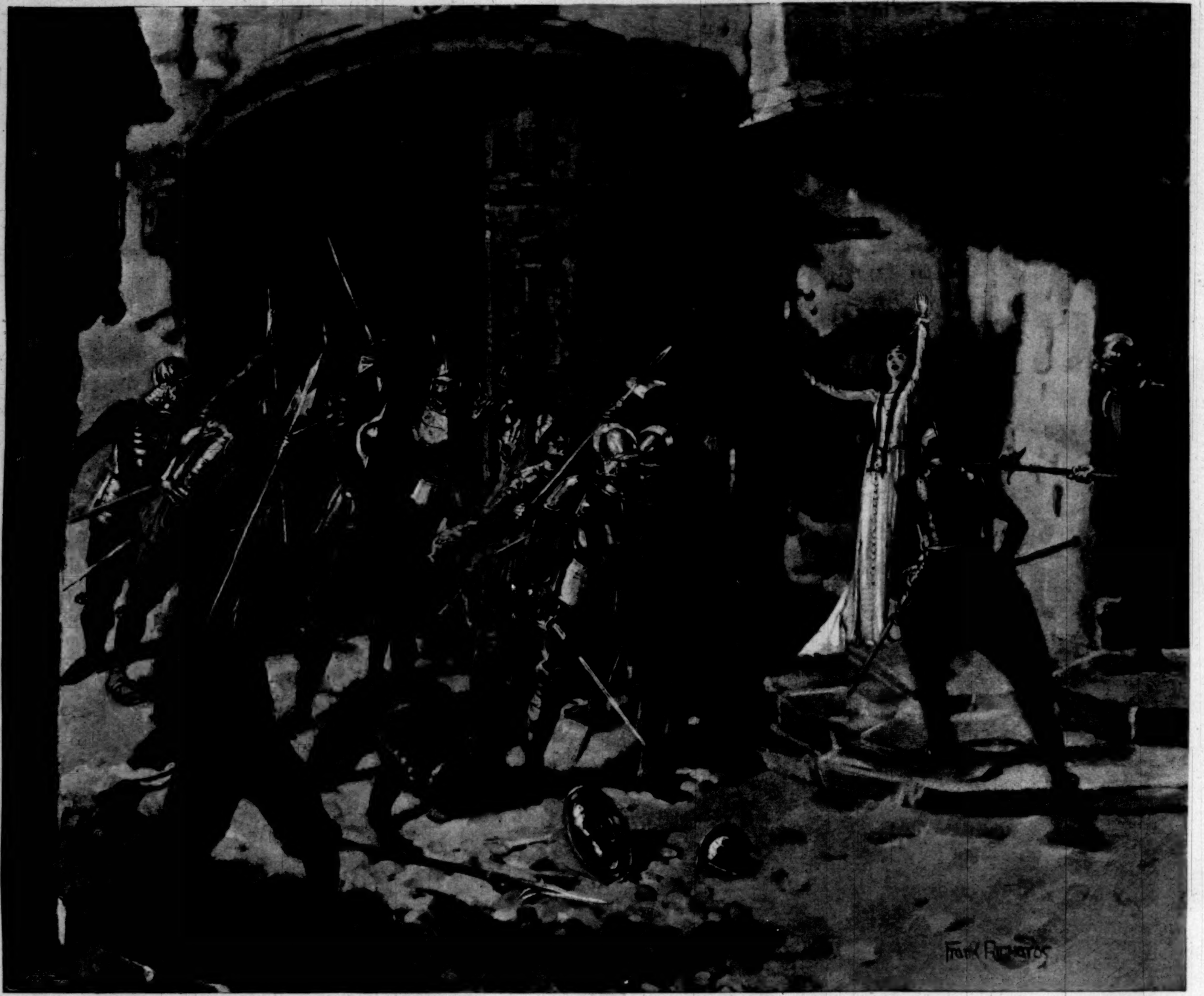


PRESIDENT McKINLEY.—From his most recent Photograph, taken June 7, 1898.
Copyright, 1898, by Frances B. Johnston.

GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.



CHARLES H. ALLEN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LADY YSOLINDE SAVES HER SOUL.

THE Duke's body sank down upon that of the soldier, still further blocking the passage. And as for his head, I know not where that went to. But the rush of his followers was utterly checked by the barrier of dead. With a wild cry, "The Duke is slain! Duke Otho is slain!" they rushed down and out of the Red Tower, eager at once to escape unharmed, and to carry to their companions in the Wolfsberg the startling news.

Nevertheless, I cleared my arm, and again stood ready.

"Come," I cried—"come, all of you! You desire to kill me? Well, I am still waiting!"

But not a man answered. The stairway was clear, save of the headless dead. And then, sudden as summer thunder, through the silence, I heard clear and loud the clanging of the hammers of Prince Karl upon the gates of Thorn.

I felt that I must roar aloud in my fierce joy. I shouted angrily for more and more assailants to come up the stair, that I might kill them all. I yearned to be first at the gate to see the men whom I had led break their way in to deliver the city. I had brought them there. I had trained them for that work. Best of all, across the stairway beneath me lay dead Otho, Duke of the Wolfmark, headless by the Red Axe of his own Justicer.

"Husband! Hugo! Are you wounded?" said a soft voice behind me—a voice which, in a moment, recalled me from bloody imaginings and baresark fury of fighting.

"Helene!" I cried.

She approached, and would have thrown her arms about me. But I held out my hand to keep her off.

"Not now, child," I said. "Touch me not. I am unwounded, but wet!"

And so I was, wet with that which had spouted from the neck of Otho von Reuss as his trunk stood a moment headless in the stairway ere it fell—a hideous thing to see.

"Come, Helene," I said; "we must away. There is other work for your husband to-night. You I will place with the Bishop Peter. But my place is with the men of Plassenburg and with Karl, my noble Prince."

And I took her by the hand to lead her out.

"Not that way!" she cried, shrinking back.

For the bodies of the two slain men lay there. And the stairs ran red from step to step in red drips and lappering pools.

So I bethought me what we should do, and ran forthwith for my father's cord with which he was used to bind the malefactors upon the wheel.

"Come, Helene," said I, and straightway fastened the rope to the iron bar from which I had made so many descents to the pavement in the old days of the White Wolves.

I let myself down, and there in the angle of the tower wall I waited to catch my wife. She delayed somewhat, and I could not think wherefore.

But at last she came, bringing the Red Axe in her hand.

"Go not weaponless!" she said, and I reached up and took from her hand that which had already served me so well. The Red Axe had done its work now, and she was grateful.

Then she descended to my side, and we went down the streets of Thorn, which were filled with hurrying burgesses with weapons in their hands, rushing to discover the cause of the clamor. I took Helene hastily to the palace of the Bishop. And when I arrived there I saw Peter himself with his head out of a window.

"I come to claim your protection for my wife!" I cried.

He came down immediately, with an attendant.

"Fear not," I said; "you will never be called in question for this kindly deed. The Duke Otho is slain, and the army of Prince Karl of Plassenburg is already at the gates."

"The Duke is dead!" he gasped. "Who slew him?"

"The Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark," said I, smiling at his astonishment. And I held up the Red Axe, on which there was now no crystal-clear rim of shining steel. All was crimson from haft to edge—red as blood.

"Here for an hour, Helene, little wife, I must leave you," I said. But now she sobbed and clung to me as she had not done before, even in the dungeon.

"Stay with me," she said. "I need you, Hugo!"

I took her by the hand.

"Little one," I whispered, as tenderly as I could, "I would not be worthily your husband if I went not to meet those who are fighting to save us this night. They have come from afar to deliver us. I were false and recreant if I went not to their assistance."

"I know—I know," she said. "Go!"

And with that she gave a hand to the good Bishop and went quietly within.

Then I betook me with all speed to the Weiss Thor, where I judged the chief struggle would take place. And as I came I heard the rattle of shot and the jarring thunder of the forehammers. The soldiers without shouted, and the men within more feebly replied.

I came in sight of the gate. There on my left hand was the house of Master Gerard von Sturm.

A fire was still flickering upon the tower of it.

Without I could hear the cheering and clamoring of the besiegers. But the gates remained obstinately shut. They were stronger than the Prince had anticipated.

As I stood uncertain what to do I saw a slim white figure, the figure of a woman, flash across the open space toward the gate. The men who defended the gate towers were all upon the top of the wall. Before any could stop her she had thrown herself upon the wheel by which the bars were unfastened, and with a few turns had drawn them as deftly as evil Duke Casimir had been wont to remove the teeth of the rich Hebrew folk when he wanted supplies.

The White Gate slowly opened. The faces of the soldiers of Plassenburg were seen without; the weapons gleamed in their hands as they came on shouting fiercely. The guards of the Duke rushed forward to close the gate. But the woman had clamped the wheel and stood holding the bar.

It was the Lady Ysolinde. She saw me as the soldiers of Duke Otho closed threateningly upon her. She waved her hand to me almost happily.

"*I have saved my soul, Hugo Gottfried!*" she cried. "*I have saved my soul!*"

At that moment a soldier of the Black Riders struck her fiercely with his lance. I saw the white bosom of her dress redden as he plucked his weapon to him again.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

I was in time to catch her in my arms as the soldiers of Plassenburg, with Prince Karl at their head, came in like a spring-tide, carrying all before them.

The Prince staid at his wife's side.

"Ysolinde!" cried the Prince, aghast, bending over her —not heeding, nor, indeed, as I think, even seeing me.

"Karl!" she said, looking gently at him, "try and forgive me all the rest. But be glad that I opened the White Gate to you. I, Ysolinde, your wife, did it for your sake."

I put her into her husband's arms. I saw at a glance that there was no hope. She could not live many moments with that lance-thrust through her breast.

She looked at him again.

"Karl—say, 'Ysolinde, I love—love you!'" she whispered, almost shyly.

He looked down, and a rush of tears came to the unwonted eyes of the Prince of Plassenburg.

"Ysolinde, I love you!" he made answer, in a broken voice.

She smiled, and then looked up at me.

"*Hugo Gottfried, have I not saved my soul?*" she cried.

And so passed.

CHAPTER LVI.

HELENA, PRINCESS OF PLASSENBURG.

There was deadly work yet before the men of Plassenburg. We found, indeed, that the townsfolk were with us almost to a man. Their guild train-bands gathered and mustered at their halls. The guards at the city gates turned their arms to the ground.

"The Prince will restore your ancient liberties," I cried. And the people shouted, "Prince Karl of Plassenburg and our ancient liberties!"

Then we made our way up the street by different routes to the Wolfsberg. There was little fighting till we arrived under those vast and gloomy walls. The Black Riders had disappeared within. Those worst tools of grim tyranny had withdrawn themselves, knowing that small mercy would be shown them by the people if the Wolfsberg were taken. But the common soldiers of the fighting rank, sons and brothers of the women of Thorn, tore off the badge of the bloody Dukes and marched with us as comrades.

But when we came before the walls, and with sound and trumpet summoned the Wolfsberg to surrender, a discharge of musketry from the walls and the determined faces of a multitude of defenders showed us conclusively that all was not yet over.

It was no use wasting men in attacking the great pile of buildings with the force at our disposal. We had men in plenty, but we needed the cannon, which were coming up more slowly than these swift forces, which, marching day and night, had arrived in the nick of time before the walls of Thorn.

Nevertheless, it was not the fate of the Wolfsberg to be taken by Lazy Peg and her compeers.

These ponderous pieces of ordnance were being dragged through the swamps and over the brick-dust barrens of the border-lands, and it might be three or four days before they could arrive to aid us. There was nothing, therefore, to do but to sit down and wait, drawing a cincture that not a mouse could creep through about the cliffs of the Wolfsberg.

But deep within the heart of the old Red Tower there was one stronger than Lazy Peg fighting for us.

"Fire! Fire!" cried the people in the streets. "The Wolfsberg is on fire!" And so surely it was. The flames burst out at the summit of the Red Tower, and were rapidly carried by a dry fanning northerly wind along the wooden workshops and kennels to the main building, where the Hall of Judgment was soon blazing like a torch. The defenders seemed paralyzed. Some ran to the castle well. Some threw themselves desperately from the walls; others crowded to the gates and besought our Prince's pledge that mercy would be shown them.

Then the crowd without were ill to deal with, for they cried aloud: "No mercy to the murderers! Show us our Saint Helena!"

Then it was that I leaped upon the scaffold, which had seen such a sight the day before, and cried: "Duke Otho is dead. I, Hugo Gottfried, slew him with this Red Axe. Prince Karl is come to save you, and to give you back your ancient liberties. Your Saint Helena is my wife, and is safe under the protection of Bishop Peter."

But though they cheered at my words, they would not cease from crying, "Show us Saint Helena, and if she bid us we will have mercy on the wolves of the Wolfsberg!"

So it was necessary for Helene to be brought and to show herself to them, for the sake of the poor souls sore driven 'twixt the fire and the knives.

"Have mercy on the poor folk!" she cried, when they had done shouting because of her safety. "They are but misguided, ignorant men!"

By this time the doors of the Wolfsberg were thrown open from within, and the men crowded out, casting down their arms in heaps on either side of the gate. They were marched, under charge of the soldiers of Plassenburg, to various strongholds which were pointed out by the Burgomeister and the chiefs of the guilds. The fortified halls of the trades were filled with them. By daybreak the whole of Thorn was in our hands, while the gray barrens of the Wolfmark were lit for leagues by the flaming Wolfsberg, which, on its craggy height, vomited fire and sparks into the blackness of night.

And the reek of this great burning hung for days after in the heavens. Thus was an end made to the iniquities of the house of the Black Duke Casimir and the Red Duke Otho. And the last Duke mixed his ashes with those of the fatal tower. For on the morrow there remained only the blackened walls and glowing beams of all that mighty palace. Which, indeed, has never been rebuilt. For the people of Thorn, under the mild and equitable rule which followed, erected a great memorial church upon the spot —which may be seen to this day, a landmark from far to witness if I have lied in the tale which has been told.

So the Prince Karl gave to Thorn its liberties, as he had promised. But the regality of the Dukedom he kept for himself, and he took the Wolfmark and made it part of his dominions, till, as he said, the broom-bush kept the cow throughout the length and breadth of Plassenburg and the Mark.

There was a noble home-coming when we returned to Plassenburg—victorious and famous; but also mourning deep and solemn for the Princess Ysolinde, who by her sacrifice had wrought such great things for the arms of Plassenburg, and died in the moment of victory.

Then, when after the stately funeral of the dead Princess we returned back to the Palace, it was the Prince's pleasure that Helene and myself should ride on either hand of him through the city.

And when we were announced in the court, and the councillors of state stood about, my little wife was named by her true name, "Helena, Princess of Plassenburg!"

Whereat all opened their mouths and widened their eyes, thinking, perhaps, that that ancient wizard Chancellor Leopold von Dessauer had suddenly gone mad.

But when all were in their places, and the representatives of the cities of the Princedom, and the delegates from Thorn and the Mark had been received with due honor, the Prince bade his Chancellor recount all he had learned from my father, and all that he had discovered in the archives of Plassenburg.

Then, when he had finished, the Prince Karl arose.

"I am," he said, "a plain, brusque man. And speech was never my stronghold. But this I say. When Karl, the Miller's son, goes the way of King's son and beggar's son, it is his will that Helene, legitimate Princess of Plassenburg, shall reign over you. And also that her husband Hugo, who, as you know, won her from dreadful death, shall stand by her right hand."

Then the nobles and great lords, fearing the Prince, and perhaps also fearing a little the man who was the Prince's general of his armies, shouted amain,

"We swear to obey the Princess Helena!"

Whereat uprose the Little Playmate, very princess like and full of a sweet regal dignity.

"I thank you, noble Prince," she said. "I am glad that I can claim so honorable a name and lineage; but I had rather be no princess, nor anything else than that which my husband hath made me—the wife of the captain-general of the armies of Karl, the true and noble Prince of Plassenburg!"

Then the Prince rose and clasped her in his arms, kissing her fondly on both cheeks.

"Fear not," he said, "dear and loyal lady. If you live to be the Princess, your good man shall be the Prince. Never shall the gray mare flaunt it first in Plassenburg!"

And he gave us each a hand, and set us on two seats which had been set level with his on the platform of the Council-chamber of the Princedom.

The Prince Karl lived many days after the winning of the Wolfmark and the ending of the ducal Wolves. But he gave less and less care to the regalities, leaving them more and more to me, sitting mostly in the pleasaunce by the river-side, or in the fairy far-regarding room which had been the Lady Ysolinde's.

But he never looked again on the face of a woman, except as it might be to bid them good-day—save on that of my wife Helene, who, as you who know her may guess, waxed but the sweeter and the fairer as the years went by.

And the blessing of children came to us, and in this thing the Prince Karl was even happier than we.

One day, however, it chanced that he was seated in full council, and right noble he looked. I had just handed him a paper to sign. But he looked neither at me nor yet at the paper. His eyes were fixed on the locked doors of the presence-chamber, through which only those of princely blood might come.

He stood so long at it that to recall him I put my hand on his arm, and said, "Prince, the Council waits your pleasure."

But he heard me not, his eyes being fixed on the door.

"Your pardon, my lords and knights," he said at last, fighting a little with his utterance, "but it seemed that I saw the Princess, my wife, come through the door, clad in white, and beckon me with her hand. I must go to her, my lords; I thinks she calls for me. The Prince Hugo will take my place at the Council!"

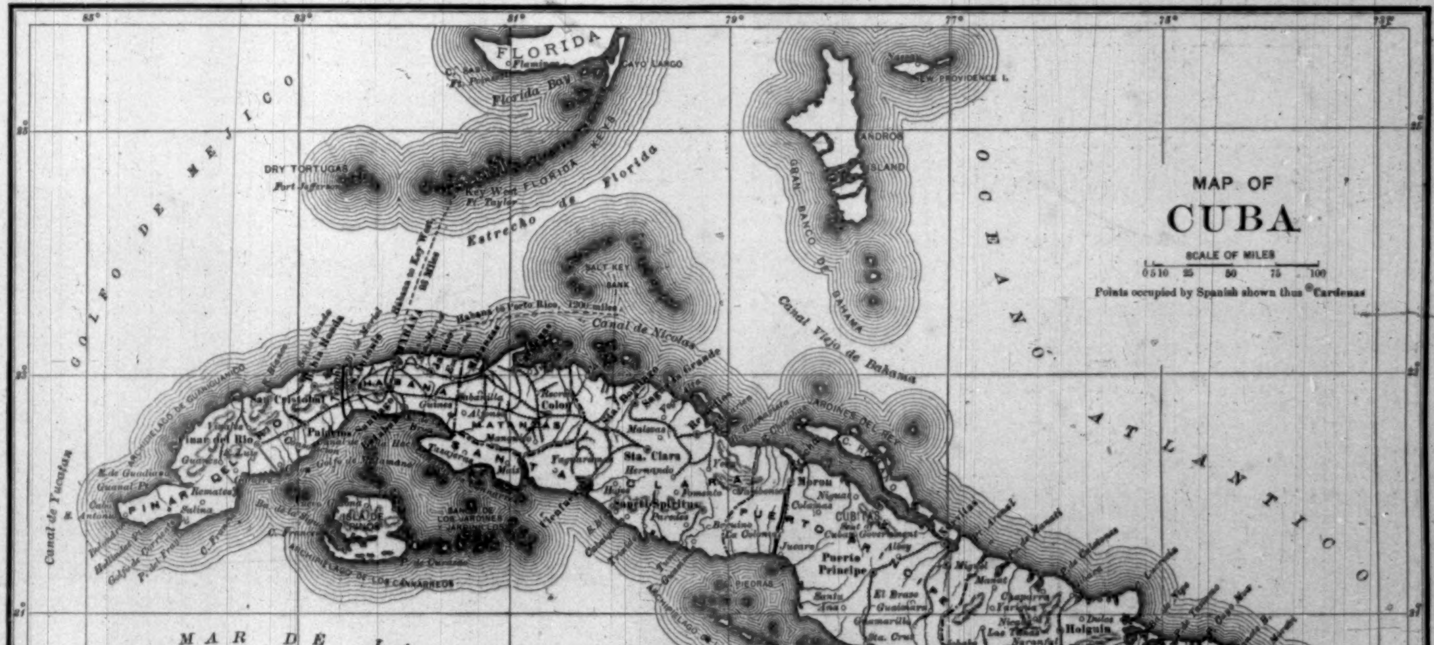
And the old man took a step from the high seat. But he at the foot of the throne stumbled and fell into my arms.

He said but one word after that, with his eyes fixed on the bolted door—"*Ysolinde!*"

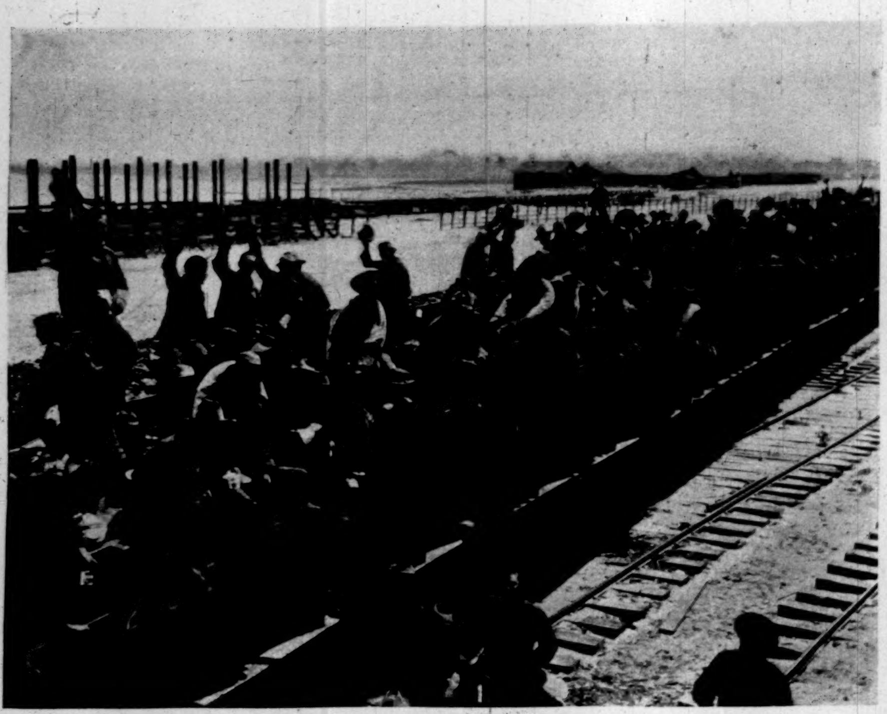
And so the Prince Karl and his wife were one at last.

Since then we have lived long, the Little Playmate and I; but never have we been other than comrades and friends—lovers also, and so (an' the good God please) we shall abide till the end comes. And in the gloaming we two also shall see the beckoning hand from beyond the bolted door, and turn our feet homewards, passing the bourne of the new life hand in hand—and undismayed.

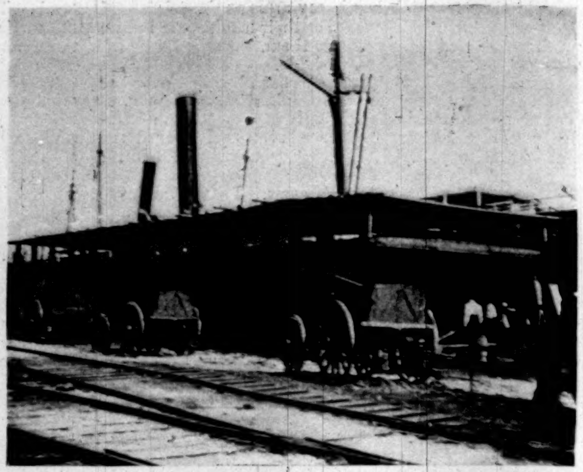
THE END.



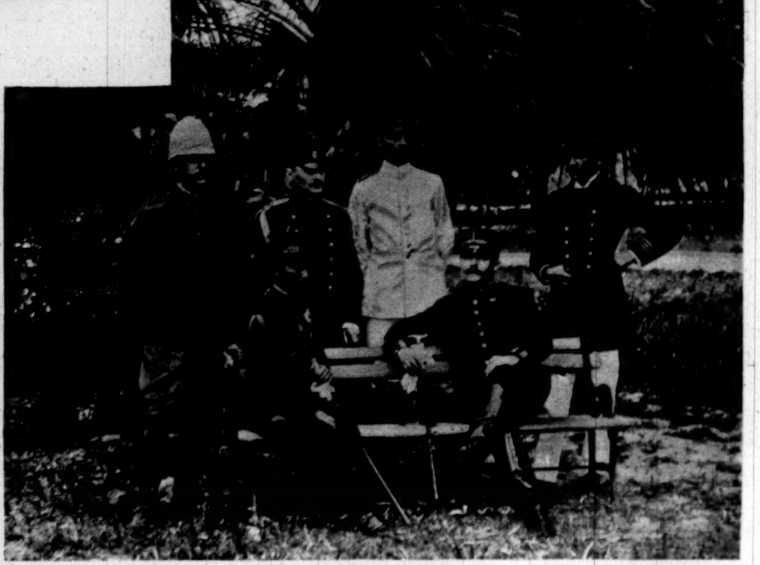
MAP OF CUBA COMPILED FROM LATEST INFORMATION, AND SHOWING THE LOCATION OF PRINCIPAL POINTS NOW HELD BY SPANISH FORCES.



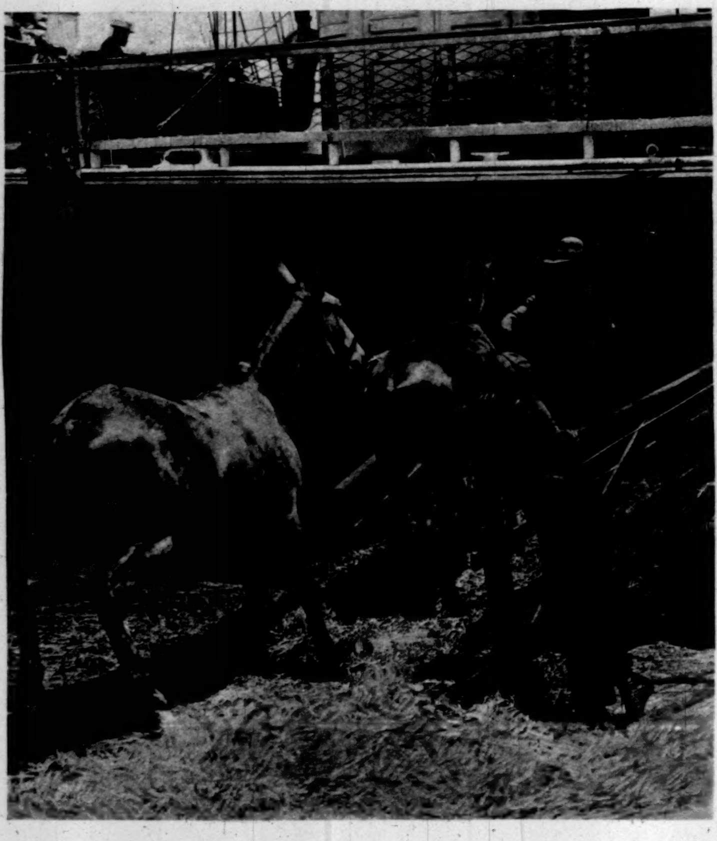
HOW THE ROUGH RIDERS RODE ROUGHLY TO PORT TAMPA.



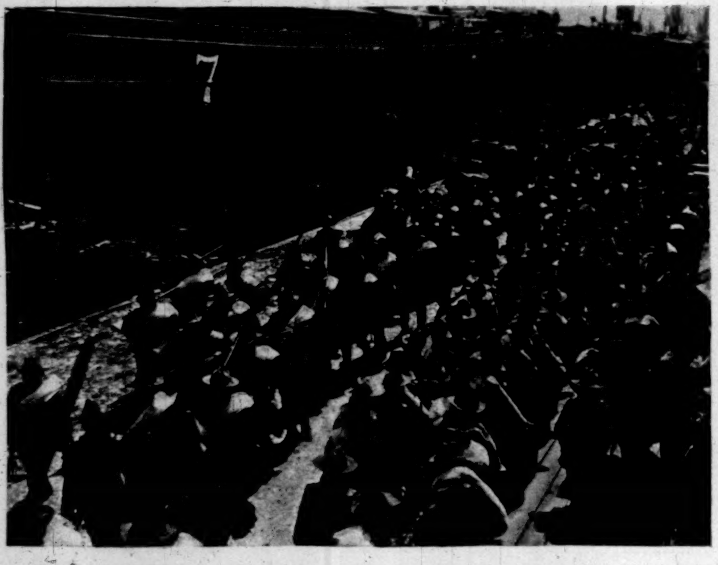
SCOWS BUILT TO CARRY WATER FOR THE TROOPS.



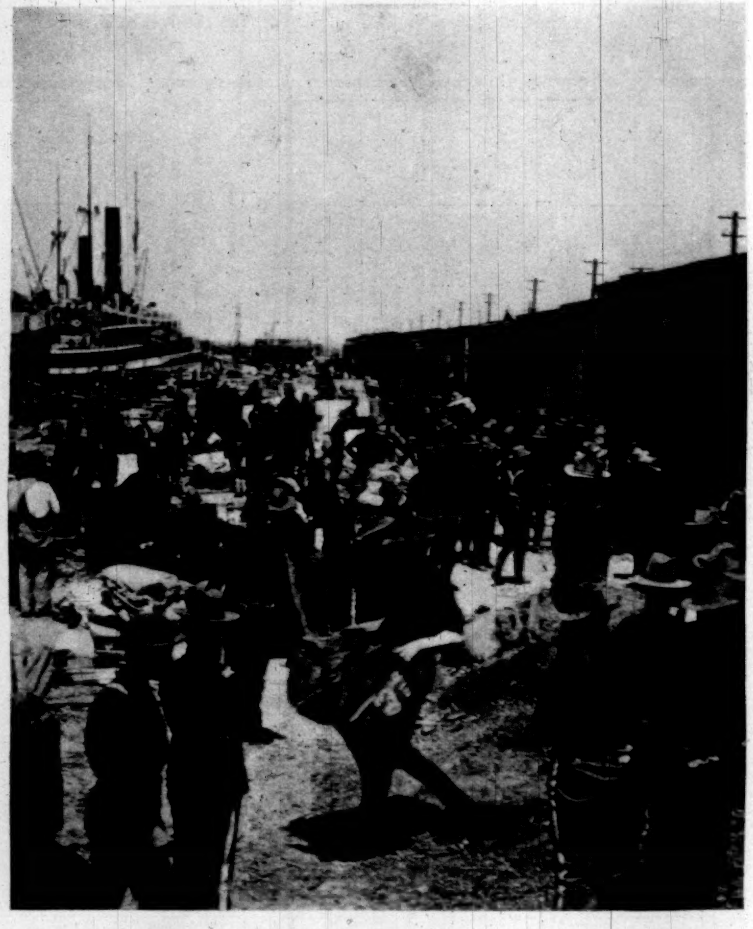
FOREIGN ATTACHÉS AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS.



A RELUCTANT INVADER.



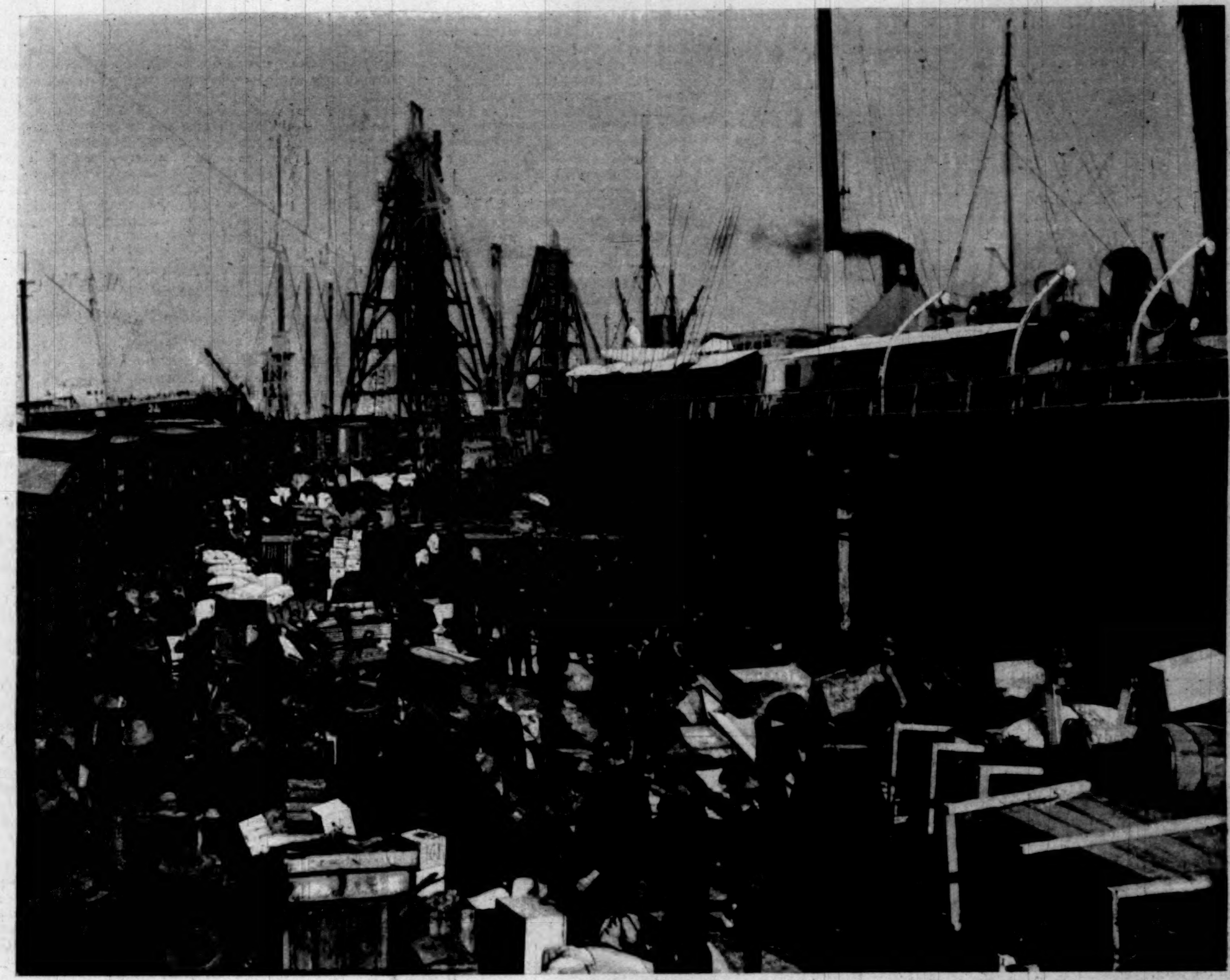
2D MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS WAITING TO GO ABOARD TRANSPORT.



TRANSFERRING STORES FROM TRAIN TO TRANSPORTS.

OFF TO SANTIAGO—U. S. TROOPS EMBARKING AT PORT TAMPA FOR THE INVASION OF CUBA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.



OFF TO SANTIAGO—ON THE DOCK AT PORT TAMPA—LOADING THE TRANSPORTS.

Photograph by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly" with the Expedition.

LIFE ON A DESPATCH-BOAT.

Off Havana in half a Gale, *May 22.*

From Key West to Havana in a straight line is a matter of ninety miles across the Gulf Stream, that here runs from two and a half to three knots an hour. When the wind is from the southward, or when there is no wind at all, there is a considerable swell made by tide and current, but that is rather pleasant than otherwise, and would not bother even a poor sailor. But those days are rare; the prevailing winds are from the northeast—the trade-winds of these latitudes—that blow steadily and with greater or less violence, but always whipping up the opposing current into a lively and disagreeable sea.

Now when you have to lie out in this uncomfortable commotion day after day, with no harbor short of Key West and not even the comfort of going *somewhere*, simply staying on and taking it, you begin to hate the Gulf Stream and the northeast trades, and the still blue hills of Cuba seem pleasant and hopeful for our bruised and weary bones.

The *New York* and the big battle-ships do not mind such seas at all; the *New York* especially, being one of the most graceful of ships, riding the waves like a bird, and when going ahead at full speed into a head-sea, she dips her gilded figure-head or rolls her broad white decks to the swell with a stately movement that is the embodiment of power and grace.

The small cruisers and poor little wet torpedo-boats have to suffer, though, on a day like this, and roll and flounder and gasp for breath in the drenching seas; but then they are used to it, or at least they get credit for it, while the unhappy newspaper-boat does not, and has to endure as best it may. We cannot get news, or get away, or get any comfort out of life. Built for Long Island Sound's smooth water, or, some of them, to stay in harbors where they belong, it is a wonder these boats dare tag along as they all do, no matter what the weather.

On this low, black, rakish craft we are better off than some of them, but we stay longer, too, and refuse to give up and go home or let the flag-ship get out of sight, though we cannot get near enough to squeeze any information out of the long-suffering admiral or his aides, and content ourselves with looking on at that steady-going ship, while we roll—decks under. If ever a boat found herself in her old age in an unexpected business, this one has. Built for a millionaire, and to cruise up and down in smooth summer seas and wave a yacht pennant and club burgee, painted and polished, her brass-work shining, a clean and natty crew forward, and well-dressed and comfortable-looking people aft under the awnings, their easy-chairs spread about on a well-scrubbed deck; down in the cabin, divans covered with cushions, rugs, and curtains, and shining glass setting off the rich mahogany wood-work, while an attentive steward listened to their wants and knew how to fill them—all that would be soon turned topsy-turvy in a Gulf Stream sea. But now comfort is a minor consideration, decks are heaped and piled with bags of coal, barrels of potatoes, and coils of rope, boats lashed on the poor remaining space of quarter-deck, that is either grimy with coal dust or inch-deep in slopping seas that will come on board, soaking coal out of the bags and sending trickling streams of dirty water down the cabin companionway, or whole barrels of water down the after-hatch. The deck-house is piled with flags and rugs and carpets, barrels of flour, boxes of canned provisions, hardtack, and last resorts of every kind. The cabin floor, bare of carpet or rugs, is covered on this sort of day with a paste of coal dust and broken glass, for lamp-shades and tumblers and ink-bottles will carry away and land as they please, and stay there till they begin to worry the steward, who is too busy to bother with such details. The wood-work creaks and groans, and two big rocking-chairs, relics of more peaceful days, rival each other in the variety of their motions. Water soaks through the ports and wets the dirty covers on the divans or the bedding in the state-rooms with equal impartiality. To our appeal to try to repair a water-soaked bed, the steward responded, "Oh, that's nothing; you ought to see my bed." Meal-time comes and goes, however, and the cook does not get seasick, though he does not like eight-inch shells, and threatened to jump overboard at San Juan.

The cabin skylights have lately broken in, and we get a complement of coal dust and salt-water down through the broken glass at meal-times; it probably comes in at all times, but we notice it most then. Sometimes we celebrate the hour when the sun crosses the yard-arm, which brings a momentary gleam with it, then we go back to the perusal of stale newspapers or forgotten books, or vainly attempt to get a little work through.

When night comes down we sit on deck till sleepy enough to dare the stuffy, groaning state-rooms below. The blockading fleet disappears in the night, and we, equally dark—for no lamps are allowed—watch Havana lights, and toss up and down and back and forth till morning brings the hope of something turning up. At least we get a bath on deck, watch the gathering of the fleet to report to the flag-ship, and trust the day will send us back to Key West with a story worth the telling.

Carlton T. Chapman.

HINTS ON SPANISH PRONUNCIATION.

The difficulty experienced by the average American in pronouncing the Spanish names with which the newspapers are filled nowadays renders the following hints on pronunciation of some timeliness.

There are, of course, as many dialects of Spanish as there are of English, and they vary even more widely; but the Castilian is the language of the educated classes, and is followed here.

The letters not given below are pronounced as in English, and each Spanish letter has but one sound. A is pronounced ah; b has no exact equivalent, but is between the English v and w. C before e and i=th in think, elsewhere=k; d=th in though; e=a in fate; g before e and i=h, elsewhere as in English, but gue and gui are pronounced gay and gee; h is not sounded; i=ee in feel; j=h in horse; ll=li in million; ñ=ni in minion; o=o in go; qu=k; r with a long roll; u=oo in fool; y=ee in feel; z=th in think. Each letter always has its full sound. Spanish words ending in consonants are usually accented on the last syllable, excepts plurals of adjectives; words ending in vowels are accented on the penultimate syllable; where the accent is otherwise it is always indicated. The Cubans generally pronounce d as in English, and c before e and i like our s. Otherwise their enunciation is much the same as that of the Spaniards.

It may have been noticed that many Spanish names consist of two separate and distinct words joined by "y," as "Macias y Casado." This is due to the fact that Spaniards often add the mother's name to the father's. Thus, in the example above, Macias is the father's name, and Casado that of the mother, "y" being the Spanish word for "and."

The following is the correct pronunciation of the more prominent Spanish names of towns, ships, generals, etc.:

Almodóvar	Ahl-moh-doh'-vahr.
Alfonso	Ahl-fohn'-soh.
Almirante Oquendo	Ahl-mee-rahn'-tay Oh-kain'-doh.
Blanco	Blahn'-coh.
Banes	Bah'-nace.
Cámara	Cah'-mah-rah.
Cadiz	Cah'-deeth.
Cienfuegos	The-en-foo-ā'-gohs.
Cardenas	Kar-day'-nahs.
Cristóbal Colón	Krees-toh'-bahl Kohlone'.
Caimanera	Kah-ee-mah-nay'-rah.
Cervera	Thair-vay'-rah.
Cástelar	Kahs'-tay-lahr.
Emperador Carlos V	Em-pay-rah-dor' Car'-lohs Keen-toh.
Gullón	Goohl-yohn'.
Guantanamo	Gwahn-tah-nah'-moh.
Gomez	Goh'-mayth.
Garcia	Gahr-thee'-ah.
Habana	Hah-vah'-nah.
Holguin	Hohl'-geen.
Matanzas	Mah-tahn'-thahs.
Morro	Moh'rroh.
Maria Teresa	Mah-ree'-ah Tay-ray'-sah.
Nuevitas	Noo-ay-vee'-tahs.
Pinar del Rio	Pee-nahr thel Ree-oh.
Puerto Principe	Poo-air'-toh Preen'-thee-pay.
Pelayo	Pay-lah'-yo.
Santa Clara	Sahn'-tah Clah'-rah.
Santiago	Sahn-tee-ah'-goh.
San Juan	Sahn Hwahn.
Trinidad	Tree-ni-thath (hard th).
Vizcaya	Veeth-cah'-yah.

C. S. v. P.

AN ORCHARD NOTE.

In clusters fragrant blowy,
A frail, bee-haunted sea,
Bright beam the blossoms snowy—
The fancies of the tree.

R. K. Munkittrick.

SINKING THE "MERRIMAC."

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Kingston, Jamaica, *June 4, 1898.*

Santiago de Cuba lies on a high plateau, secure above the sea, with a landlocked harbor whose narrow entrance is guarded by an old fort and water-batteries, and by an earth-work mounting heavy modern guns. Back from the city are ranges of lofty hills, whose green summits are crowded with rolling masses of clouds that shine and glow in the sunlight, or lower deep and black with wind and rain at the mood of the changing tropic day.

Swinging at anchor within the shelter of the hills are the ships of Admiral Cervera, now securely held by a strong force under Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley.

Under the towering hills the great battle-ships and cruisers seem from a little distance mere pygmies as they move up and down in front of the city, guarding with watchful eye their hidden foe. Yet, watch as they may, the inky blackness and sudden and terrific downpours of rain that sweep off the hills make it possible for a ship to slip out, hidden by night and storm, and get away undiscovered. For this reason Admiral Sampson, not wishing to go in and batter down the forts and force the Spanish fleet to fight, decided to bottle them up securely by stopping the channel. For this purpose the collier *Merrimac*, a fine steamer of 5000 tons, was selected, her guns, valuables, and private property taken off, and the ship made ready to sink at a given word. To do this required some time, and a large force of men worked steadily on Wednesday in preparing the ship, the *Massachusetts* being alongside, filling her coal-bunkers from the 2500 tons the *Merrimac* had on board. Torpedoes were made by filling metal gun-shells with prismatic powder; these were placed in the hold when all was ready, the electric wires being laid to the deck, so all the torpedoes could be fired at once. The stop-cocks were taken off the water-pipes and temporary stopping provided, which the settling of the ship would immediately carry away.

Volunteers were called for to take the ship in and sink her across the channel, and the response that came included every man that had the slightest chance of going, so that practically the Admiral had the pick of all the men in the fleet.

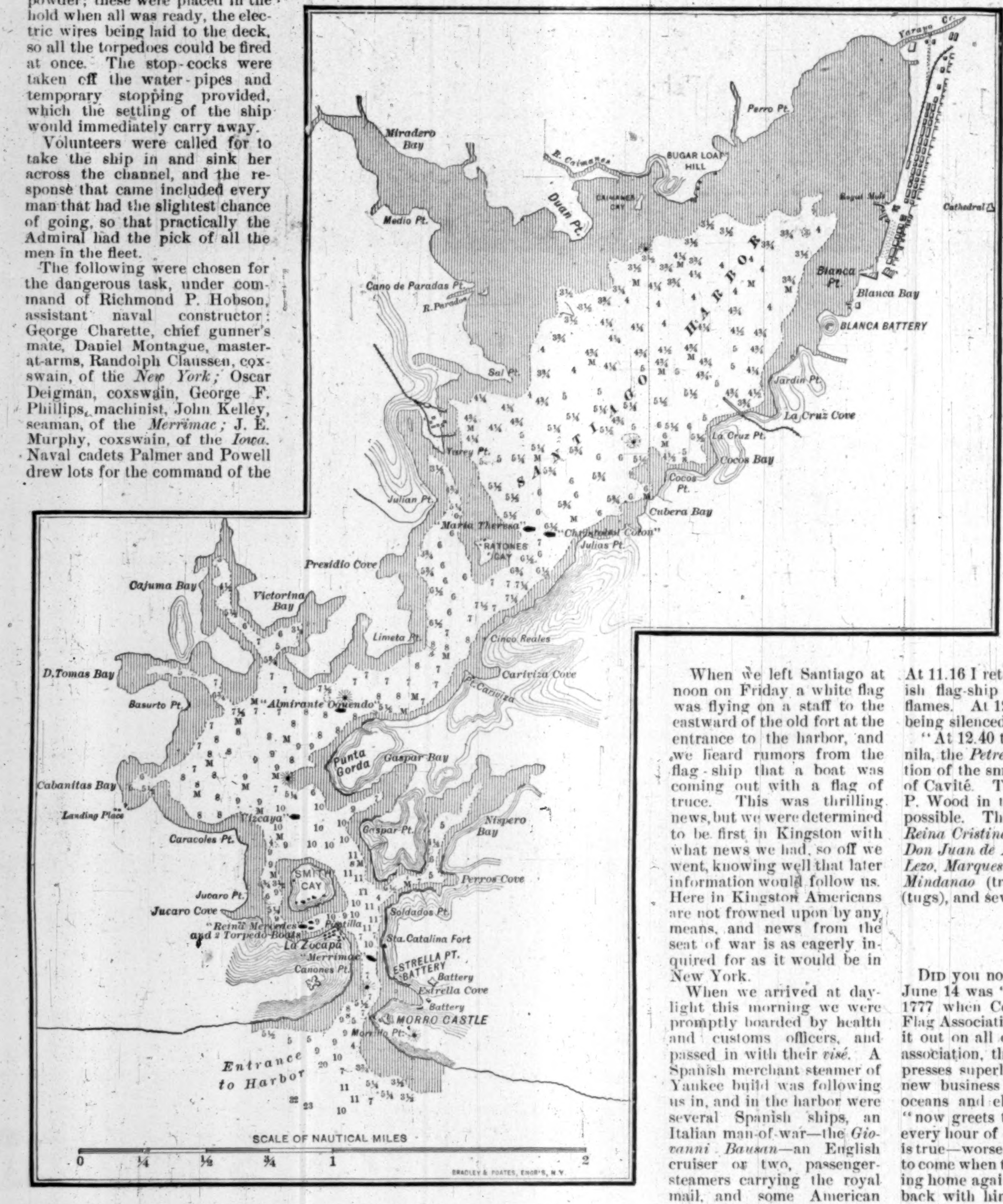
The following were chosen for the dangerous task, under command of Richmond P. Hobson, assistant naval constructor: George Charette, chief gunner's mate, Daniel Montague, master-at-arms, Randolph Claussen, coxswain, of the *New York;* Oscar Deigman, coxswain, George F. Phillips, machinist, John Kelley, seaman, of the *Merrimac;* J. E. Murphy, coxswain, of the *Iowa.* Naval cadets Palmer and Powell drew lots for the command of the cutter to follow the ship in and take off the crew when the ship sank. All the men were good swimmers, Charette, of the *New York*, being an expert, and it was expected that they would jump overboard and swim out to the cutter.

These preparations consumed much time, and it was not until nearly daylight on Thursday morning, the 2d, that all was ready for the *Merrimac* to go in. The ships of the fleet formed a crescent off the entrance to the harbor, ready to open fire on the forts if they should discover and begin firing on the *Merrimac.* In the mist of the early dawn the big collier started toward the entrance of the harbor, but as daylight was rapidly coming on, a boat was sent after Lieutenant Hobson with orders to return; he begged to go on, but a second peremptory order from the Admiral commanded him to report on board at once. So the *Merrimac* turned back without waking the forts, and the project was abandoned for the day.

Thursday the fleet was drawn off, a patrol being kept near the harbor mouth, as usual. As night came on a tremendous thunder-storm gathered over the hills, shutting in the town and forts completely in a gray veil of rain and mist. At sea, however, all was calm and quiet, and the moon shed its mellow light over a seemingly peaceful scene.

About three o'clock in the morning the *Merrimac* went in, guided by the eight brave men. Just when she sank no one could tell, the muffled explosion that sent her to the bottom not being heard by the nearest ships. When daylight came the *New York's* cutter, with Cadet Powell in command, was still whiting and watching for the men to return, and not until driven off by a fire from the forts, and the certainty that their presence could no longer help their shipmates, did they give up. When the Spaniards discovered the masts of the *Merrimac* in the channel entrance, and found the *Texas* and *Massachusetts* off the harbor, they thought an attack was intended, and opened fire on the two ships, sending six or eight shots that did no harm and were not replied to.

The *Merrimac* is sunk across the channel just where it was planned to sink her, and lies in deep water, but offering a sufficient obstruction to heavy-draught vessels. The eight brave men who went in with her have to a certainty been taken prisoners, and the forts and ships at Santiago de Cuba still remain to be contended with.



MAP OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

Showing the Location of the sunken Collier *Merrimac*, and of the Vessels of Admiral Cervera's Squadron after the Bombardment of May 31, as reported to Admiral Sampson by Cuban Spies.

When we left Santiago at noon on Friday a white flag was flying on a staff to the eastward of the old fort at the entrance to the harbor, and we heard rumors from the flag-ship that a boat was coming out with a flag of truce. This was thrilling news, but we were determined to be first in Kingston with what news we had, so off we went, knowing well that later information would follow us. Here in Kingston Americans are not frowned upon by any means, and news from the seat of war is as eagerly inquired for as it would be in New York.

When we arrived at daylight this morning we were promptly boarded by health and customs officers, and passed in with their *visé.* A Spanish merchant steamer of Yankee build was following us in, and in the harbor were several Spanish ships, an Italian man-of-war—the *Giovanni Bausan*—an English cruiser or two, passenger-steamers carrying the royal mail, and some American newspaper boats—unwearied scouts and messengers whose coming and going seem to be accepted as part of war's necessities, and also of the ship-chandlers' and coal-merchants' opportunity. Following us in came a later boat by several hours, whose news of the flag-of-truce story sent a thrill of joy and of war's fierce anger through every American sympathizer in the place.

The Spanish Admiral did send a flag of truce to the American Admiral, presenting his compliments, and saying that "the eight men of the *Merrimac* were now his prisoners." This has a note of politeness as well as of defiance, but at any rate saves us from thinking that they had gone down with the *Merrimac;* for now there is a probability that they will regain their ships, and that soon.

Carlton T. Chapman.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

(*Extract from Admiral Dewey's Official Report.*)

"Flag-ship 'Olympia,' Cavité, *May 4, 1898.*

"The squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27, arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast, and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The *Boston* and the *Concord* were sent to reconnoitre Port Subic. A thorough search was made of the port by the *Boston* and the *Concord*, but the Spanish fleet was not found. Entered the south channel at 11.30 p.m., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The *Boston* and *McCulloch* returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed, and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at 5.15 a.m. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavité, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

"The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flag-ship *Olympia*, under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord*, and *Boston* in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron opened fire at 5.41 a.m. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flag-ship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire, at ranges varying from 5000 to 2000 yards, countermarching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective. Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the *Olympia*, with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before they were able to fire their torpedoes.

"At 7 a.m. the Spanish flag-ship, *Reina Cristina*, made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such a galling fire, the entire battery of the *Olympia* being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. The fires started in her by our shell at the time were not extinguished until she sank. The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by my squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head at the entrance of the Pasig River, the second on the south position of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Molate, about one-half mile further south. At this point I sent a message to the Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

"At 7.35 a.m. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11.16 I returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flag-ship and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames. At 12.30 the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burned, and deserted.

"At 12.40 the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the *Petrel* being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavité. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk, *Reina Cristina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa;* burned, *Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marques del Duero, El Correo, Velasco*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport); captured, *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs), and several small launches."

FLAG DAY.

Did you notice more flags than usual out on June 14? June 14 was "Flag day," the anniversary of the date in 1777 when Congress adopted the flag. The American Flag Association wants everybody to have a flag, and hang it out on all occasions, but especially on June 14. The association, through a circular issued in its name, expresses superlative enthusiasm over the development of new business for our flag in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and elsewhere. "The sun of heaven," it says, "now greets the stars of hope in liberty's banner during every hour of every revolution of the round earth." That is true—worse luck! Most of us venture to hope for a time to come when the American eagle may feel justified in coming home again to roost, and may bring our blessed banner back with him. We would just as lief as not let the sun of heaven rub along for four or five hours every day without so much as a glimpse of it. The earth is big, and we don't want to spread our flag too thin on too much of it. Not so the American Flag Association, which can't have too many flags or see them too much dispersed, and whose circular calls boisterously on all citizens to see that on "Flag day" the stars and stripes "greet the rising and salute the setting sun from every church edifice, school, and public building, and from every private dwelling, however humble, throughout the entire land." That would call for a lot of early rising, wouldn't it? And yet does any one suppose that any member of the Flag Association (with offices at 1 Madison Square, New York) has ever been up early enough in the morning to get a flag afloat at sunrise?

Somehow it seems, if one may be permitted to say so, that the American flag is taking good care of itself just now, and doesn't need booming half as much as the American Flag Association needs bromide.

OUR GENTLEMEN JACKIES.

I HAD heard the story of that young millionaire in the Michigan Naval Reserves who was swabbing down the deck under the supervision of an old tar, when the latter exclaimed: "By George, there's a fine yacht! Do you know who she belongs to, young feller?"

"Rather," drawled the militiaman; "she belongs to me."

And I had been told a good deal more besides about these rich men's sons who have given up a life of ease and pleasure to go and work and live and feed like any common sailor; but somehow I did not realize the full significance of it until I went aboard the *Yosemite* the other day and saw the thing working practically. Saw, in fact, the above-mentioned yachtsman himself in grimy canvas clothes coming up the gang-plank with a big heavy box on his shoulder.

The *Yosemite* was then lying at the Newport News Ship Yard wharf, with workmen swarming all over her, and her hull and her guns reeking with fresh war-paint. She is manned by 291 Michigan Naval Reserves, among whom is the nephew of a Supreme Court Judge; so the Judge, Mrs. Judge, and I were on that account admitted, and received by Captain Emery.

Mrs. Judge was radiant in a new spring gown. Soon from the depths of a hatchway emerged a tall white canvas figure, greasy and paint-besmeared, who ran forward and flung both grimy arms around Mrs. Judge, and gave her a good old-fashioned hug. The dainty, pretty woman in the big sailor's arms made a charming picture. And they were so perfectly unconscious about it.

In the midst of our talk up comes an officer with an order for our sailor, whose animated face instantly sobers into professional woodenness, and he touches his cap with a ready "Ay, ay, sir!"

The Judge—who comes from Detroit—was recognizing and shaking hands right and left with the Jackies, whose embarrassed remonstrance that their hands were too dirty was drowned by his enthusiastic "Give it here, sir! I'm proud to shake it!"

"Isn't this Jack Anderson?" he would say, peering into a face bronzed almost beyond recognition. "To think that the last time I saw you was on your father's private car! Well, well! it's *fine!* I'm glad to see you here—glad, and proud!"

He beamed upon them all; got introduced to those he did not already know, and pointed out to us enthusiastically the chairman of the house committee of the Detroit Club cleaning "bright-work," and Senator McMillan's nephew hauling something over the deck. Complications arose occasionally when officers were talking to us, and the Judge called a passing sailor and introduced him as "Maria So-and-so's son, my dear." Whereupon Maria's son touched his cap to the officers and then took it off to us, and then looked doubtfully at the officers again to see what would happen after such a breach of discipline.

At noon a bugle sounded, and these young gentlemen filed down to a dinner of pigs' feet served in tin plates, with a tin cup of water alongside. These things greatly impressed us, and we inquired particularly concerning the work the naval militiaman has to do, and his daily life generally. He turns out at 4.30 A.M., and has exactly twelve minutes to take down his hammock, stow it away, and appear on deck, where he proceeds to clean ship, rub the gun bright-work and deck bright-work, swab down the deck, etc. Along about five o'clock or so he has a cup of coffee. Later he breakfasts on oatmeal and sausage, and meanwhile, and all day long, he runs hither and yon, doing the manifold things that keep the ship going and make her tidy and trim. In every way, and without respect of persons, he performs the menial work of the ordinary sailor, and the remarkable thing about it is that he does it willingly and does it well. They are made of the right stuff, those fellows. Many of them are married men with families; some are lawyers—among them the Judge's nephew—and nearly all are club men and society men, accustomed to luxury and a bath every morning. It gives one a genuine thrill of admiration to see the zeal with which they have thrown themselves into the service. One feels that a nation that can call out this kind of sailor-soldier, in unlimited numbers, apparently, is bound to win.

We stood talking with Captain Emery and two or three of the junior officers watching the busy scene. The deck swarmed with sailors—sailors carrying burdens of all sorts, and sweating under them; sailors clearing away the workmen's rubbish, and cleaning the guns, and the machinery, and everything from stem to stern. One of the young officers said, laughingly: "See that 'tough' coming towards us? That's my brother."

The sailor approached, without a sign of recognition on his immovable face, and touching his cap, handed a letter to his brother, who took it with a careless "All right," and then added, quickly, "Thank you, John." "This is a letter from *our* mother," he explained to me, as his eyes followed the departing Jackie.

There was a young fellow who had charge of one of the new rapid-firing guns. They call it "Teddie's watch-charm," he loves it so.

Tenderly he lifted off its canvas jacket and explained the mechanism, which was not half so interesting as the utter absence of self-consciousness of this well-bred gentleman suddenly brought face to face, in his grimy working-clothes, with a party of ladies from his own city. It seemed to me very fine.

Meanwhile our particular sailor had retired to the privacy of the open gun-deck to "clean himself," and presently reappeared in the regulation blue flannels and little pie-shaped cap with the ship's ribbon around it, and the boatswain's mate's whistle slung round his neck; for such is his exalted rank. He apologized for not being able to put on citizen's clothes to go to the hotel with us, but we wouldn't have had him otherwise for the world, and the Judge's pride in him was beautiful to see. We met several officers *en route*, and the boatswain's mate touched his cap, and then took it off, and said, helplessly, "What *is* a fellow to do when he's with ladies?"

After lunch we strolled over to Fort Monroe to take a look at the disappearing guns, but were stopped by the sentry, who demanded a pass, and finding we had none, refused to allow us to enter. Somebody suggested that perhaps exception might be made in favor of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but the sentry was firm. He said the sailor might go in, but the rest of us could not without a pass. Whereupon the boatswain's mate proceeded to make unlimited fun of his distinguished uncle, advising him to shake that old black gown of his that did not appear to amount to much, and put on Uncle Sam's uniform.

NANNIE-BELLE MAURY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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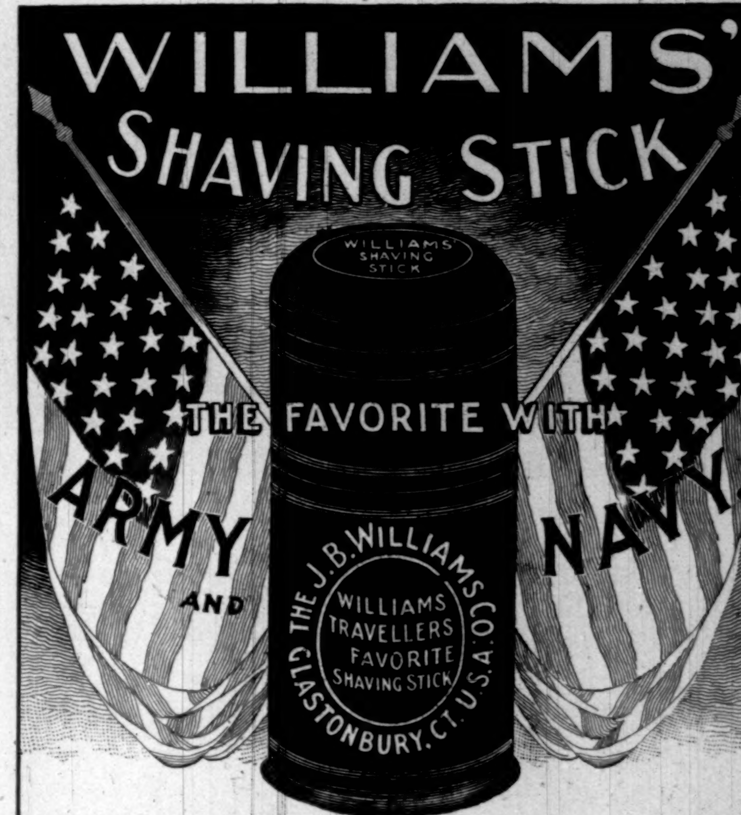
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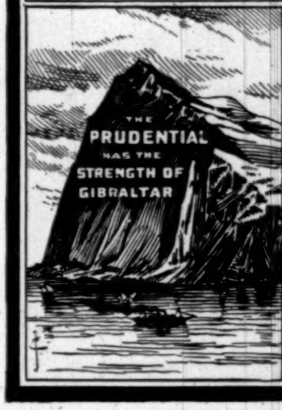
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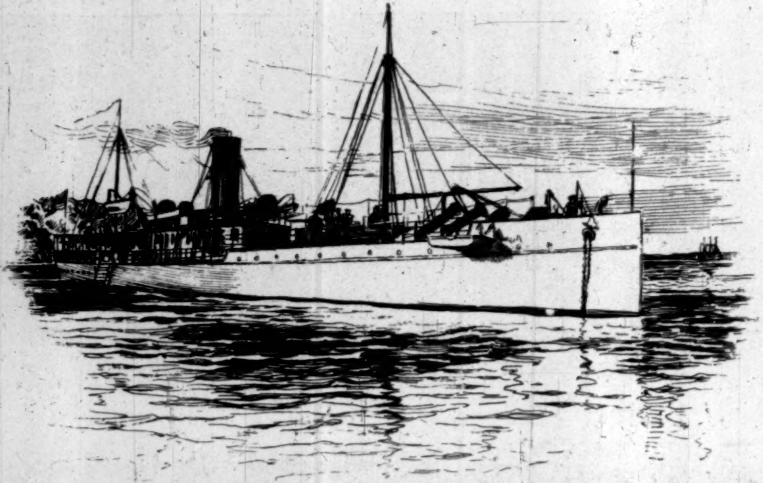
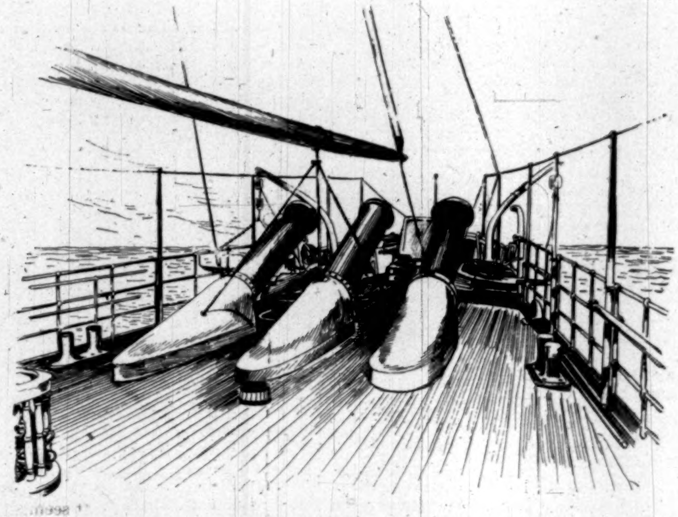
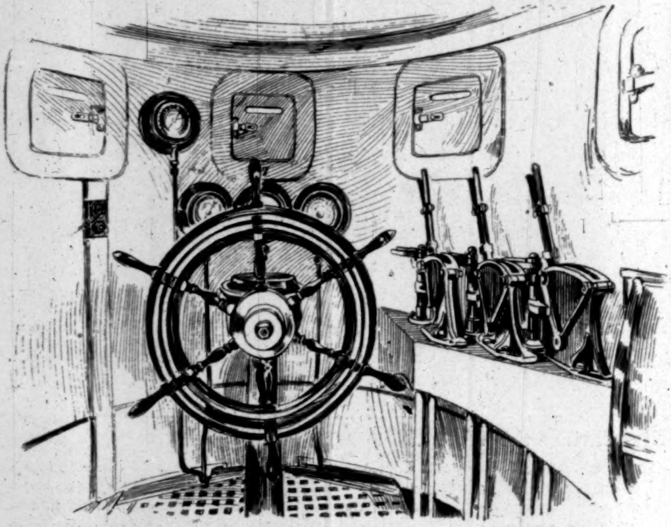


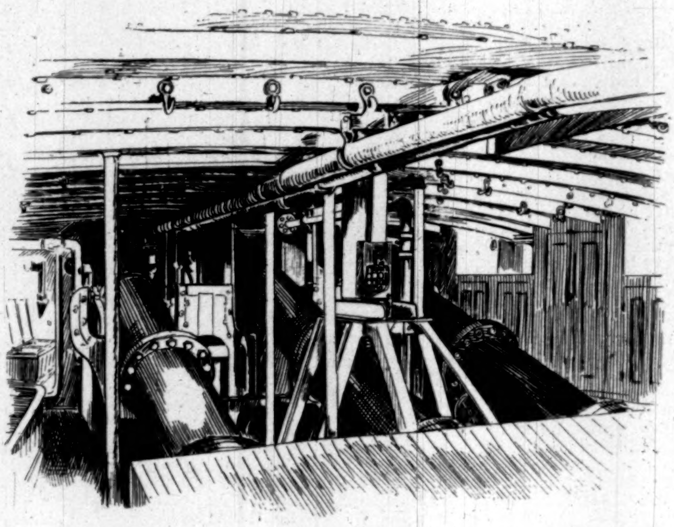
THE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."



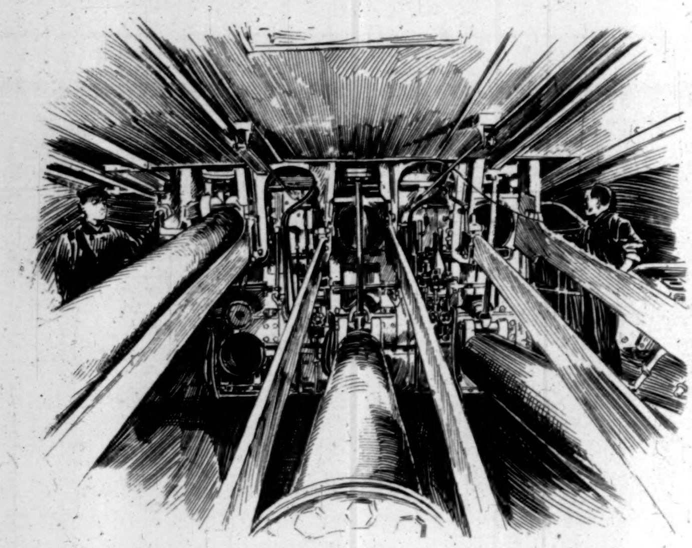
THE THREE PNEUMATIC GUNS PROJECTING FROM THE MAIN DECK.



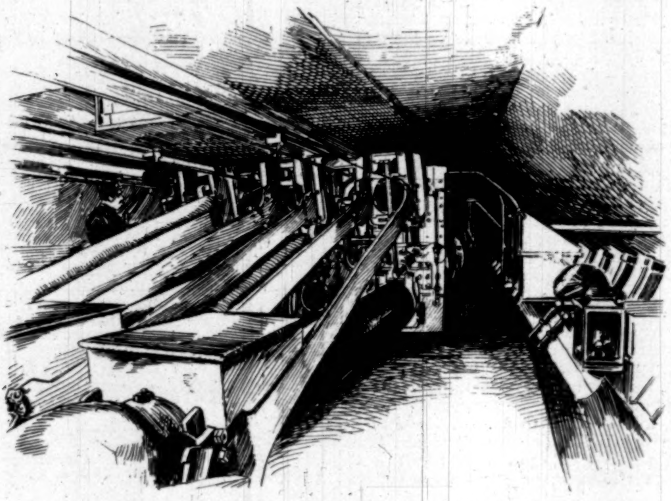
CONNING-TOWER, SHOWING THE THREE LEVERS REGULATING THE DISCHARGE OF THE GUNS.



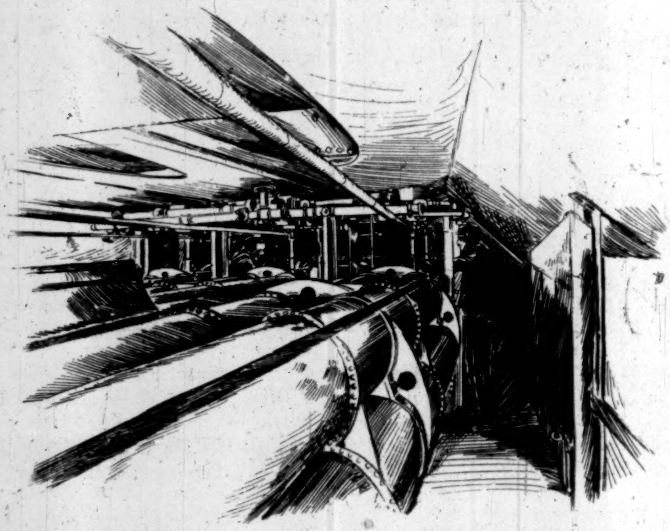
VIEW OF THE GUNS BETWEEN DECKS.



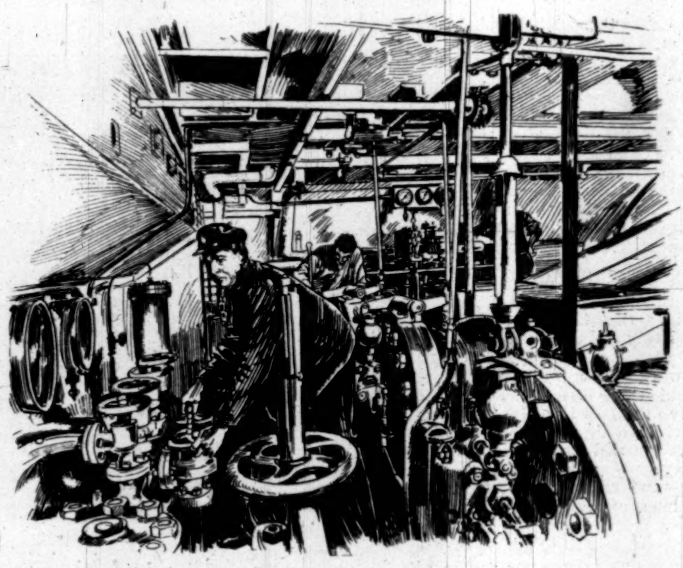
LOWER SECTIONS OF TWO OF THE GUNS DROPPED TO RECEIVE THE PROJECTILES FROM THE REVOLVERS IN FRONT.



ONE GUN READY FOR FIRING, ONE READY FOR LOADING, AND ONE BEING BROUGHT BACK TO POSITION AFTER LOADING.

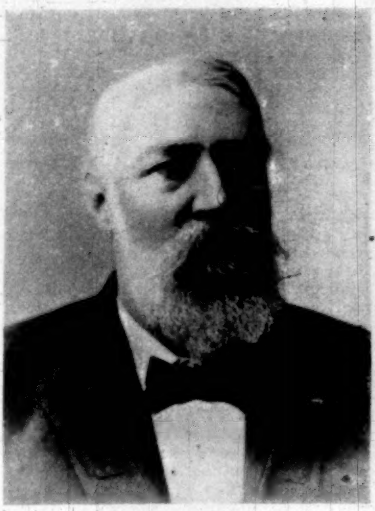


ONE OF THE REVOLVERS IN WHICH THE PROJECTILES ARE STORED.

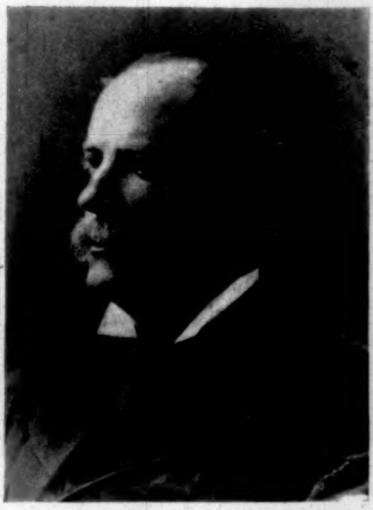


THE AIR-CHAMBERS AND VALVES REGULATING THE MOTIVE FORCE AT THE BASE OF THE THREE GUNS.

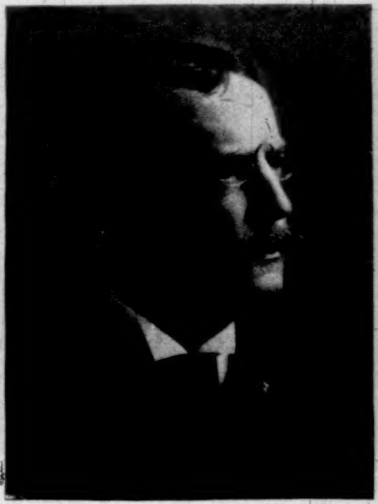
THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "VESUVIUS."—From Photographs.—[See Page 626.]



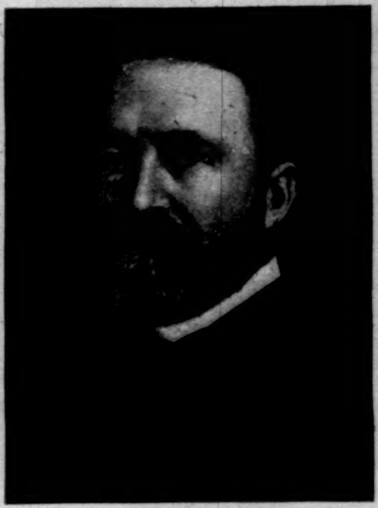
MAJ.-GEN. J. WARREN KEIFER.



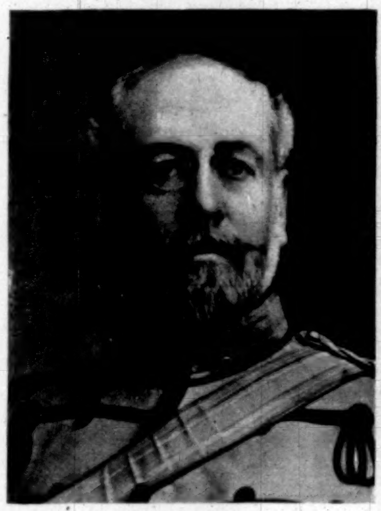
MAJ.-GEN. M. C. BUTLER.
Photograph by Bell.



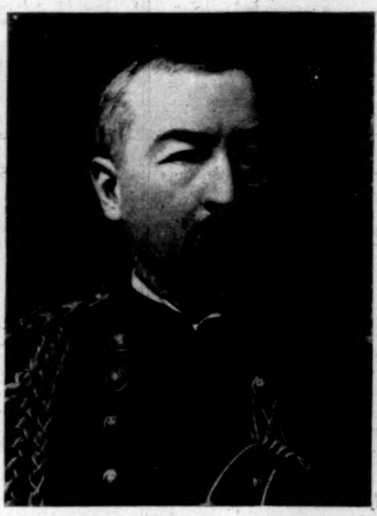
BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES KING.



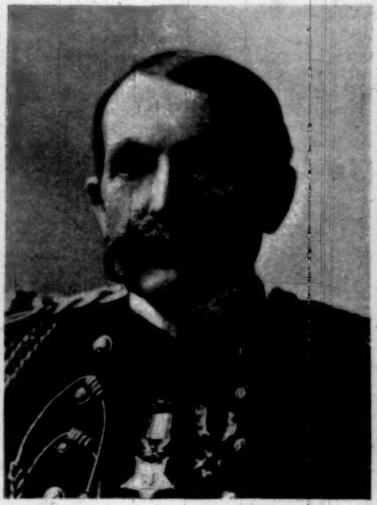
BRIG.-GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT.
Photograph by See & Epler.



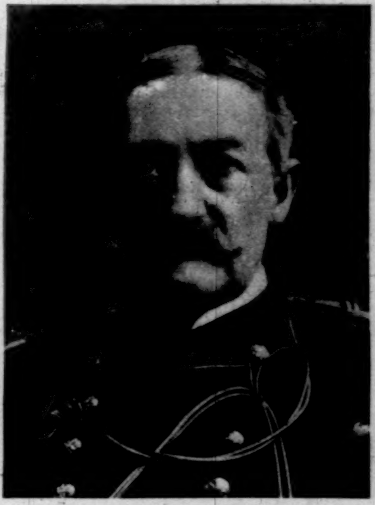
BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES F. ROE.
Photograph by Anderson.



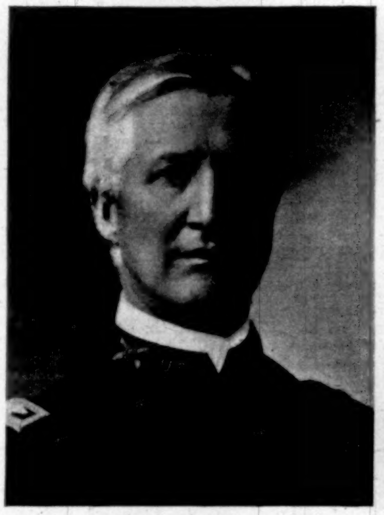
BRIG.-GEN. MICHAEL V. SHERIDAN.
Photograph by Bell.



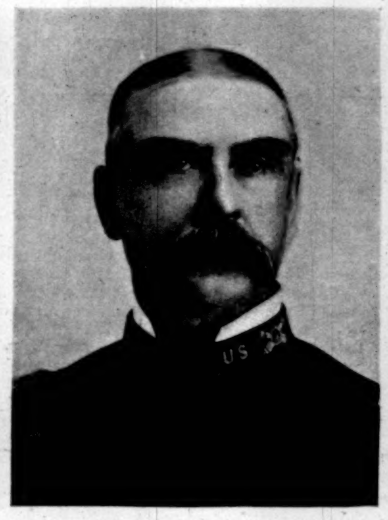
BRIG.-GEN. JOHN C. GILMORE.



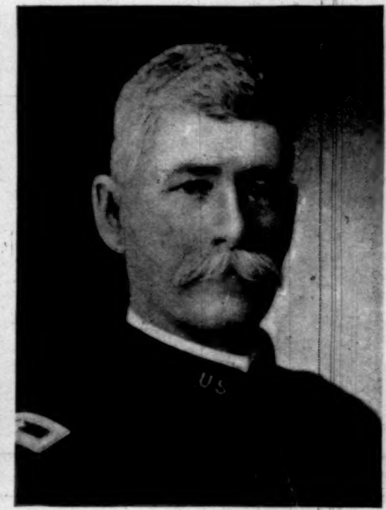
BRIG.-GEN. JACOB F. KENT.
Photograph by Savage.



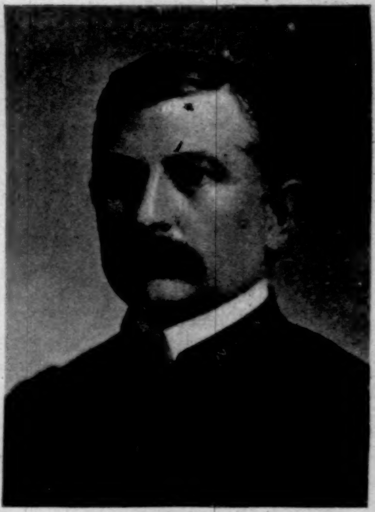
BRIG.-GEN. JOHN I. RODGERS.



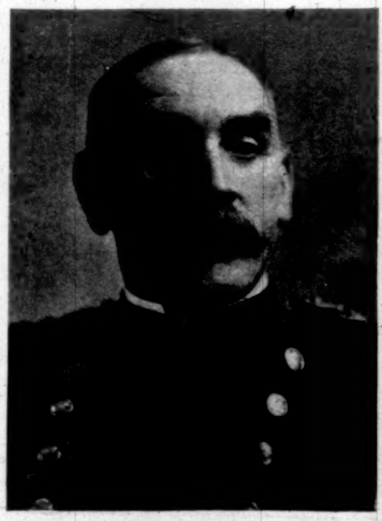
BRIG.-GEN. HENRY C. HASBROUCK.



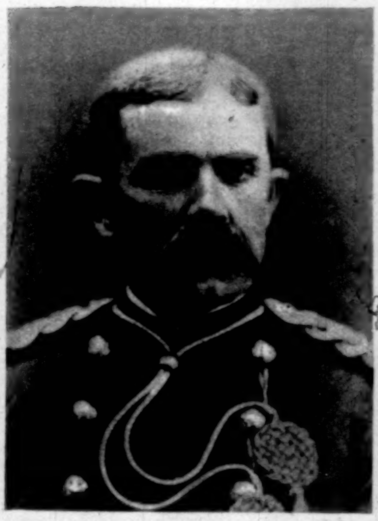
BRIG.-GEN. H. W. LAWTON.



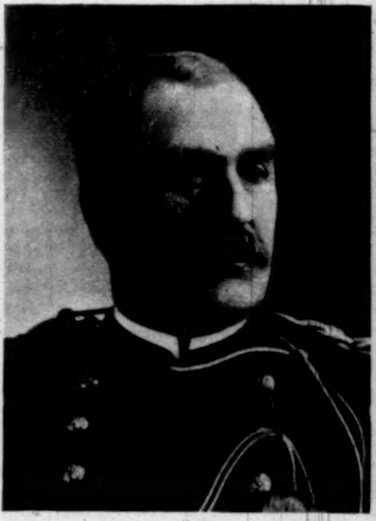
BRIG.-GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE.



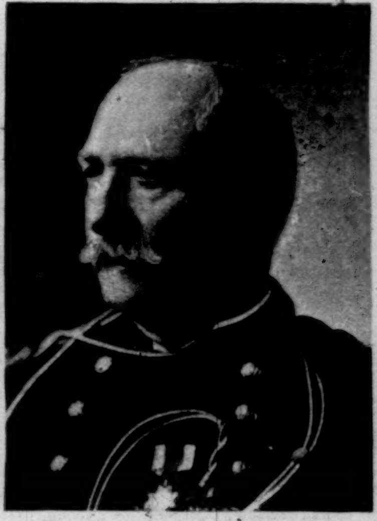
BRIG.-GEN. OSWALD H. ERNST.
Photograph by Pach Bros.



BRIG.-GEN. J. P. SANGER.

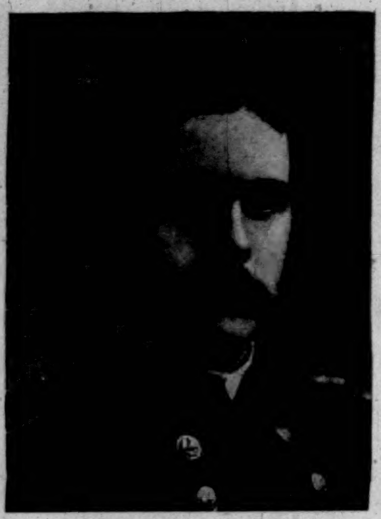


BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS.
Photograph by Bell.



BRIG.-GEN. A. C. M. PENNINGTON.
Photograph by Prince.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEERS.



LIEUT. VICTOR BLUE, U.S.N.

THE END OF A MYSTERY.

Admiral Cervera chose for his six splendid vessels the harbor of Santiago de Cuba—his prison and theirs. Everybody remembers Carranza's letter, published a little while ago. His admiral "couldn't have done such a ridiculous thing!" And as for Americans, with no disposition to impute folly, their minds have retained a remnant of charitable doubt in regard to the location of *all* those ships; and, until the beginning of last week, even high officials at Washington were ready to believe that one of Cervera's armored cruisers might still be at large.

But a despatch from Admiral Sampson, received Monday night, June 13, stated that Lieutenant Victor Blue had made a careful reconnaissance around the prison walls—the shores of Santiago Bay. An American officer has seen and counted and precisely located the stately prisoners. That he counted them both forwards and backwards the despatch does not expressly assert, but he travelled seventy miles or more—alone, save that Peril was his intimate and constant companion—and he could look down upon them from every hill-top. So, while making other observations for the use of our fleet and army, as to the natural features of the bay, and as to the Spanish strength and the disposition of the forces on guard near the old city, he saw that the fleet was still intact, and put an end to its mystery.

Less than two weeks before he made this perilous trip, Lieutenant Blue had scored a brilliant success in another part of Cuba, making his way through the Spanish lines on a secret mission to General Gomez. After being received in the insurgents' camp "with open arms," as he says in a letter published in the New York *Sun*, he planted the American flag on the mainland of Cuba (probably for the first time, although smaller outlying islands, or "cayos," had been thus honored on several occasions), and when returning to his ship, the *Suwanee*, with his armed boat's crew, captured two schooner-yachts which the enemy used to patrol the shallow waters near Cayo Frances and report the movements of our ships. The entire heliograph-signal outfit that the Spaniards had at Cayo Frances passed into the hands of our men through the capture of these vessels.

Both of these recent exploits—that at Cayo Frances and that at Santiago—have brilliant features, but, so great is the fascination of mystery, the public is likely to receive its most vivid impression of the gallant young officer from his counting of Cervera's ships.

M. W.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 607.*)

throwing shells into the chaparral wherever a hostile sign flashed out. Men on guard fell asleep—eyes wide open and gun in hand.

Monday, June 13.—A portion of the first military expedition started from Port Tampa bound for Key West and Santiago de Cuba. Many of the ships were delayed, however, and the whole fleet will not be fairly under way before to-morrow. Major-General Shafter reports that the full list of the troops in this expedition, which he commands, is as follows:

Infantry regiments: Sixth, Sixteenth, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, Tenth, Twenty-second, Second, Thirteenth, Ninth, Twenty-fourth, Eighth, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, First, Twenty-fifth, Twelfth, Seventh, Seventeenth, Third, Twentieth. Total infantry, 561 officers and 10,709 enlisted men.

Cavalry: Two dismounted squadrons of four troops each from the Third, Sixth, Ninth, First, and Tenth Cavalry, and two dismounted squadrons of four troops each from the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. Total dismounted cavalry, 159 officers, 2875 enlisted men; mounted cavalry, one squadron of the Second, 9 officers and 280 enlisted men.

Artillery: Light batteries E and K, First Artillery; A and F, Second Artillery; 14 officers and 323 enlisted men. Batteries G and H, Fourth Artillery, siege, 4 officers and 132 enlisted men.

Engineers: Companies C and E, 9 officers, 200 enlisted men.

Signal corps: One detachment, 2 officers and 45 enlisted men.

Hospital detachments are included in the foregoing figures. The staff corps numbers 15 officers. The grand total of the expedition is 773 officers and 14,564 enlisted men.

Captain Taylor of the *Indiana* is in command of the war-ships that accompany the transports from Key West to their destination. There are about sixteen of the former and thirty of the latter.

James H. Barkley, of Illinois, was nominated by the President for the office of Brigadier-General.

The war revenue act was signed by the President. Secretary Gage issued a circular "inviting subscriptions from the people of the United States for $200,000,000 of the bonds of the three-per-cent. loan authorized by the act of Congress to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures."

The German East-Asian squadron seems to be concentrating at Manila. The ships now there are the *Kaiser*, *Kaiserin Augusta*, *Irene*, and *Comoran*, with a total of 1605 men.

A despatch from Admiral Sampson received to-night says: "Lieutenant Blue just returned after a détour of seventy statute miles of observation of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. He reports that the Spanish fleet is all there. The Spanish attacked vigorously the camp at Guantanamo. An outpost of four marines were killed, and the bodies [of three?] mutilated barbarously. Surgeon Gibbs was killed."

To resume, under this date, the story of the continuous fighting near Guantanamo: In the first hour of the day Sergeant-Major Good was killed. Between 1 and 1.30 A.M. the attack increased in violence. A scouting party, which was led by Lieutenant Neville, and which included a few Cubans, had a brush with ambushed Spaniards a little later. Private Tauman was killed, and three men wounded. At 4 A.M. the Spaniards tried to rush the camp, but were repulsed with shrapnel from the field-pieces. The Spanish losses have been greater than ours; so also have been their re-enforcements.

Tuesday, June 14.—A letter was presented (under flag of truce) to Captain-General Blanco, requesting exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his companions for certain Spaniards captured on the *Argonauta*. General Blanco replied that he must communicate with Madrid before giving a definite answer.

At Guantanamo Bay an aggressive policy adopted by the commander of our marines greatly improved the situation. Four scouting parties were sent out from camp in the morning, and were actively engaged with the enemy until ten o'clock at night. The marines and their Cuban allies fought their way through the dense undergrowth, driving the Spaniards before them, wounding or killing a large number—perhaps two hundred—taking eighteen prisoners, destroying a Spanish block-house, water-tank, heliograph station, etc. Forty-one Cubans, apportioned among the four parties, gave a good account of themselves.

At Santiago the dynamite-gun vessel *Vesuvius* was tested, three charges of guncotton being thrown at the Spanish forts and war-ships.

Wednesday, June 15.—The *China*, *Colon*, *Zealandia*, and *Senator*, bearing the 4200 men who compose the second expedition in aid of Dewey at Manila, sailed from San Francisco at one o'clock this afternoon.

In Guantanamo Bay, at the same hour, the *Texas*, *Suwanee*, and *Marblehead* moved towards a fort situated midway between the outer and inner harbor. They began firing soon after two o'clock; at three the fort and surrounding earth-works were destroyed.

Thursday, June 16.—Forts at the entrance of Santiago Harbor were again shelled by Admiral Sampson's fleet.

Friday, June 17.—A despatch to the Navy Department from Admiral Dewey, dated Cavité, June 12, *viá* Hongkong, June 17, includes the following important statements:

> "There is little change in the situation since my telegram of June 3. Insurgents continue hostilities, and have practically surrounded Manila. They have taken 2500 Spanish prisoners, whom they treat most humanely. They do not intend to take the city at the present time. Twelve merchant-vessels are anchored in the bay with refugees on board, under guard of neutral men-of-war; this with my permission.
>
> "The health of the squadron continues excellent. The German commander-in-chief arrived to-day. Three German, two British, one French, one Japanese, men-of-war now in port. Another German man-of-war is expected."

A portion of the Cadiz reserve squadron has sailed eastward, though perhaps only for a short distance and as a feint, or to test the sea-worthiness of the vessels. A despatch from Gibraltar says:

> "The Spanish battle-ship *Pelayo*, the torpedo-boat-destroyers *Audaz*, *Proserpina*, and *Osada*, the auxiliary cruiser *Ciudad de Cadiz*, the transports *Antonio Lopez*, *Leon XIII.*, *Buenos Ayres*, *Gibraltar*, and the gunboat *Pielago* passed through the Strait at five o'clock this morning, sailing eastward, the *Pielago* and the transatlantic steamers carrying coal."

The President's nomination of Henry V. Boynton, of the District of Columbia, to be brigadier-general was sent to day to the Senate.

THE "VESUVIUS" IN ACTION.

The performance of the so-called dynamite-gun vessel *Vesuvius* at Santiago last week has revived popular interest in this little war-ship, which has been looked upon by the experts with more or less suspicion ever since she was launched. Now that the *Vesuvius* has taken part in actual warfare, using shells loaded with guncotton and throwing them successfully against the enemy's stronghold, all the objections made by naval officers of the old school have been proved groundless; and so far as being effective in a bombardment of shore batteries is concerned, the *Vesuvius* must be pronounced a success. The term "dynamite," as applied to the vessel, is a misnomer, for the *Vesuvius* never has thrown any dynamite. She was built as a harbor-defence vessel intended to throw shells loaded with guncotton. She is a small boat, as slender and graceful as a yacht, and faster than most pleasure-craft. She has a record of $21\frac{5}{8}$ knots, or about twenty-five miles an hour. She is 252 feet long, 950 tons burden, 4000 horse-power, and when loaded draws 10 feet 10 inches of water. She is armed with three so-called dynamite-guns, which are really three fixed tubes that project at an acute angle from her forward deck. These are 55 feet long and 15 inches in diameter. The longitudinal sectional diagram on this page will show how these guns are placed. They are stationary, and cannot be shifted in any way, so that to aim them it is necessary to move the entire vessel. For this reason it would be difficult for the *Vesuvius* to hit a moving target, but an easy matter, as was proved at Santiago, to do great execution against land fortifications. The projectiles used in these guns are $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 9 feet long, looking much like huge cigars. They are hollow, and the explosive, usually guncotton, is stored in them and set off by a primer that is itself exploded by contact with some solid substance, or by a mechanical device which can be regulated before the shell is discharged. The three tubes run down into the bowels of the ship, and at the base of each one is a mechanism much like that of an ordinary pocket revolver. There are five revolving chambers at the base of each of the tubes, so that fifteen shells can be fired without reloading. The force used for the discharge of the guns is compressed air. A gauge fixes the amount of air force necessary to throw the cartridge a certain distance, say one-quarter, one-half, or a full mile. There is scarcely any sound at the discharge, and of course no smoke, so that shortly after the projectile leaves the muzzle it is visible to those on the ship, and the place where it strikes can plainly be seen. The firing of these air-guns is done from the conning-tower by means of levers. The projectile rises swiftly to a height of nearly 300 feet, and then travels horizontally as though following a straight line marked off against the sky, and finally dips sharply and plunges into the target. There is a peculiar spiral safety arrangement on each projectile by which the fuse is rendered harmless until a flight through the air of about one-eighth of a mile is accomplished. Otherwise, the primers might explode just as the projectile left the tube, doing great harm to the vessel itself.

Until she was used at the bombardment of Santiago, the *Vesuvius* had only thrown projectiles with service charges on one occasion, and that was when she was tested in the Delaware River near Chester, in March, 1890. Three loaded shells were then discharged, and so little faith did the naval officers have in either the security or capability of the vessel, that only those who were obliged to remain on board to work the guns staid anywhere near the *Vesuvius*. The committee and other officers who were to watch the proceedings drew off about a mile distant on a tug. The first projectile discharged weighed 510 pounds, and it went over 200 yards further than one mile, in 11 seconds; the second projectile weighed 504 pounds, and went a mile and 250 yards in $11\frac{7}{10}$ seconds; the third projectile weighed the same as the second, and went 400 yards more than a mile in $11\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The first shell was set so as to explode ten seconds after it sank beneath the surface of the water. It worked successfully, and threw a great tower of mud and water to a height of fully 200 feet. The second cartridge was arranged so as to explode five seconds after impact, and it did, with similar results. The third cartridge was timed to go off on impact with the water, and so well was the primer arranged that the light of the explosion could be seen when the projectile struck the surface of the river. The reverberation of these explosions was so great that it shook the windows of the town of Chester, five miles distant.

At Santiago, last week, the *Vesuvius* was kept out of sight of the enemy until night fell, in order that her possibilities might be the better tested against an unsuspecting foe. The object of the naval officers was to bring the vessel close enough to the mouth of the harbor to be able to throw the guncotton projectiles far enough into the channel to strike the Spanish ships that lay at anchor behind a headland. It is impossible to state at the present writing whether or not this object was successfully attained, for no one knows but the Spaniards, and they will not tell, if there are any left on board the ships to report.

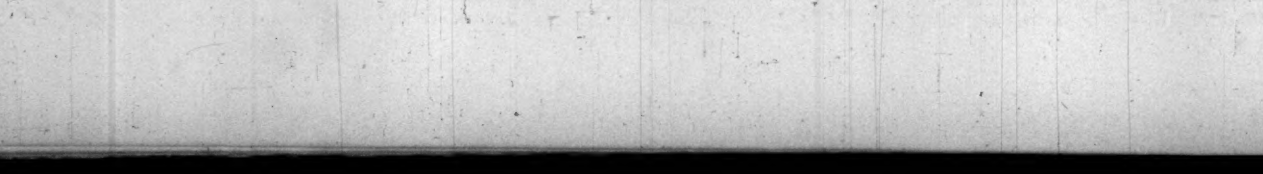
The *Vesuvius* moved to within 600 yards of the fortifications of Santiago Harbor, heading directly toward the opening, and went into action. The first shot fell a trifle low, striking the hill-side, and exploding with a tremendous roar, but with very little flame. A great column of earth and stones was seen to spurt up into the air, and then all again was quiet. The second shot was sent with a higher pressure of air, in order that it might be carried over the hill and into the harbor; but, like its predecessor, it struck the hill-side, although higher, and exploded in full sight of the blockading fleet. The third shot was successful in so far as clearing the hill was concerned. The projectile went swiftly out of the air-tube, and sailing through the air, disappeared over the hill-top, and undoubtedly worked destruction wherever it fell. No further shots were discharged, and the little *Vesuvius* was recalled to the flag-ship.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

"The clover," said the humming-bird,
"Was fashioned for the bee;
But ne'er a flower, as I have heard,
Was ever made for me."

A passing zephyr paused, and stirred
Some moonlit drops of dew
To earth; and for the humming-bird
The honeysuckle grew.

Albert Bigelow Paine.



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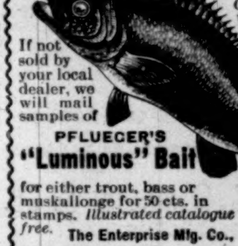

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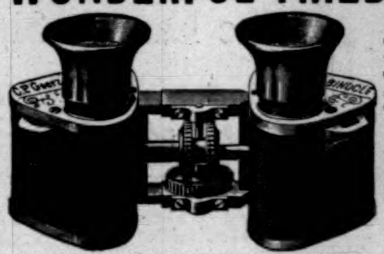

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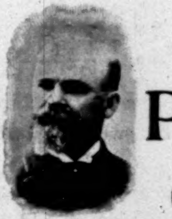

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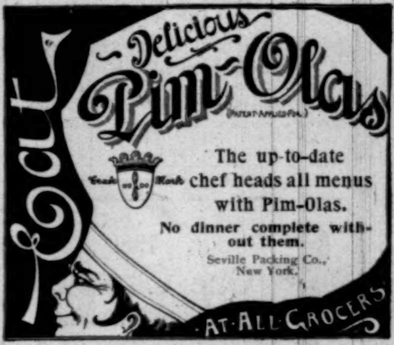

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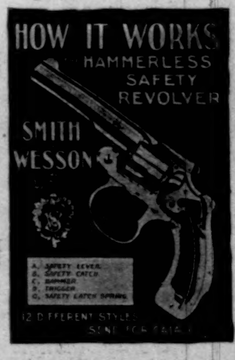

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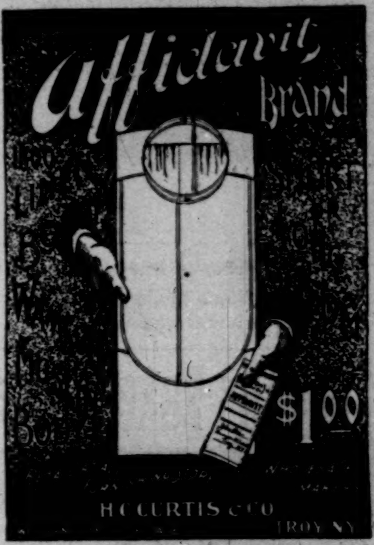

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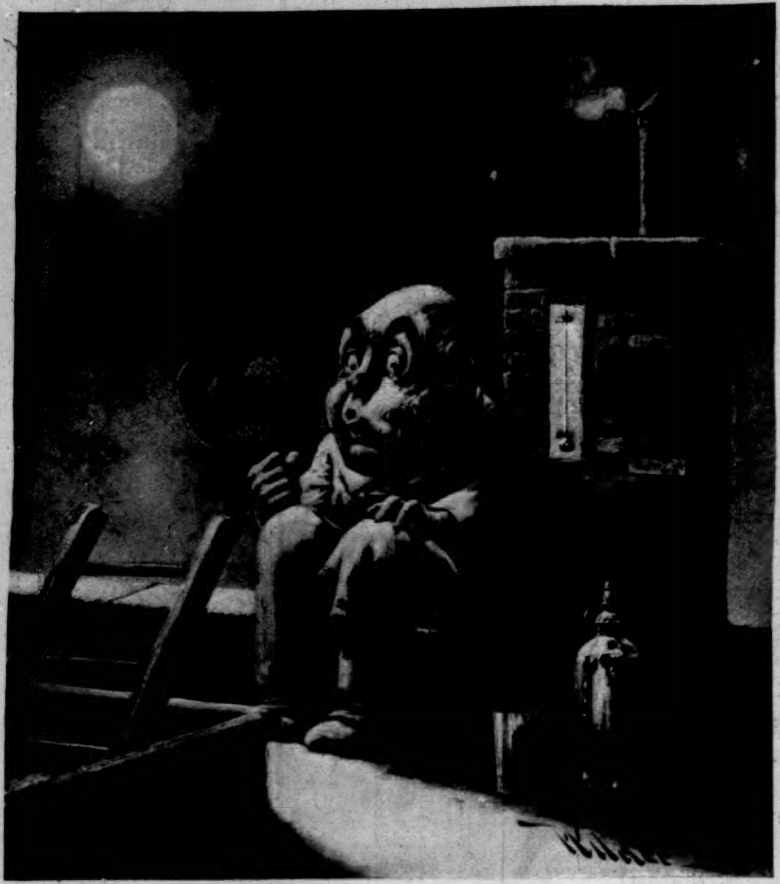

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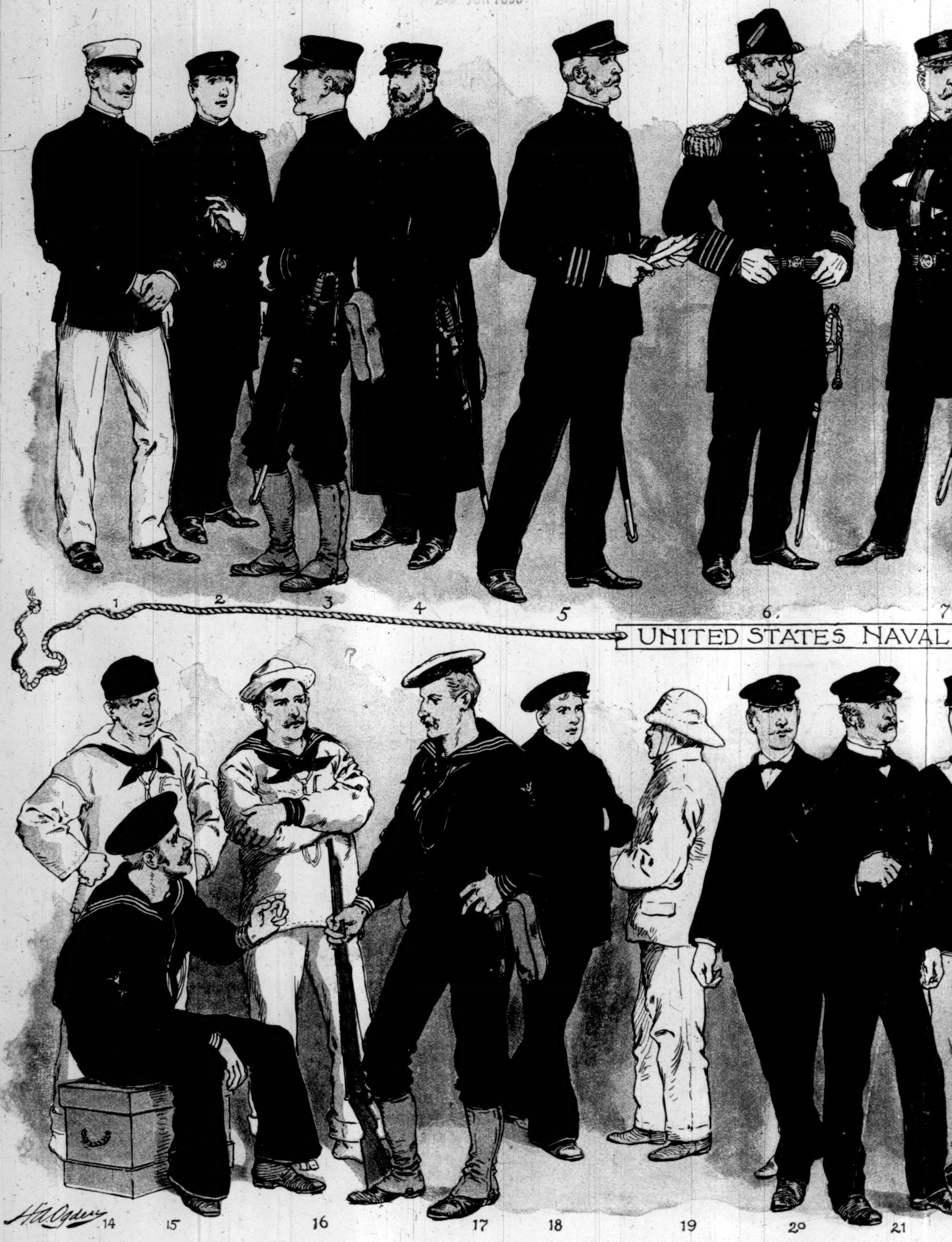

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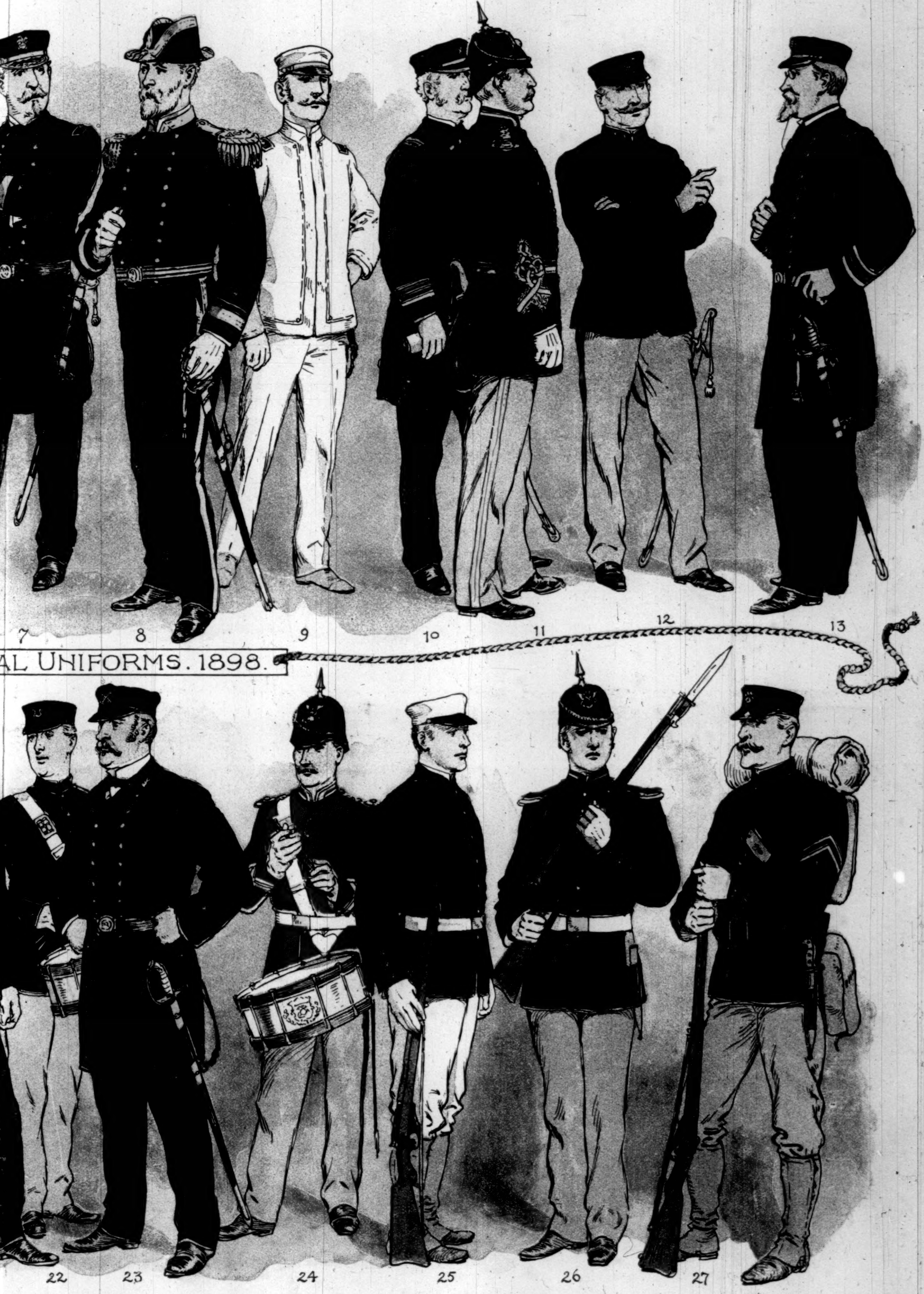

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